Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Alexander

Who is a keen dog fancier, and has a valuable collection of Skyes

No. 82.—Vol. VI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The Weird Picture." By John R. Carling. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"Rose of Lone Farm." By Eleanor G. Hayden. (Smith, Elder: 6s.)
"Will Warburton." By George Gissing. (Constable: 6s.)
"Purple and White." By Henry Byatt. (Everett: 6s.)
"Tom Jerrard." By Louis Becke. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Rook's Nest." By G. W. Appleton. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Lady of the Island." By Guy Boothby. Cheap edition. (John Long: 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Edward Fitzgerald." By A. C. Benson. (Macmillan: 2s.)
"The Development of the Feeling for Nature in the Middle Ages and Modern Times." By Alfred Biese. (Routledge: 6s.)
"Twenty Years in the Far East." By William Spencer Percival. (Simpkin, Marshall: 7s. 6d. net.)
"The Complete Golfer." By Harry Vardon. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
"Life of St. Patrick." By J. B. Bury. (Macmillan: 12s. net.)
"Norway and the Union with Sweden." By Fridtjof Nansen. (Macmillan: 2s. net.)
"L'Hypocrite Sanctifié." Traduit de l'Anglais par X. Marcel Boylestin. (London. Hachette: 2s. 6d.)
"Guide to Sussex and its Watering Places." (A. and C. Black: 2s. 6d.)
"The Angel in the House." By Coventry Patmore. Reprint. (Messrs. Bell: 1s. net.)
"Clues to Dicken's 'Mystery of Edwin Drood.'" By J. Cuming Walters. (London: Chapman and Hall; and Manchester: J. Heywood: 2s. 6d.)

Random Jottings

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GILLETT

June 28, 1905

A Hint to Commissioners

The Butler Report has decidedly been "the book of the week," and most deservedly so. For its value, which consists not so much in its verdicts as in the setting in which those verdicts are placed, is unique. It shows how a mere Report can impress itself upon the nation, provided it be written in the right language. We refer, of course, to the modern English language.

The Value of English

Rogues may come and go, and the British public will patiently endure them so long as their misdeeds are only set forth—with elaborate dulness—in the archaic style of the ordinary Parliamentary Commission. But when the public hears in lively English that it has been swindled, it turns—from a worm to a lion. *Sub judice* were perhaps the only words that were objectionable in the Butler document. There are times when the lion wishes to roar unrestrained.

"Butlers All"

Has anyone pointed out that to be born a Butler is invariably to be born endowed with literary talent and a fine gift of irony? Bishop Butler and "Hudibras" Butler are, perhaps, the most famous examples of this natural law, and the author of "Erewhon" will some day, no doubt, be placed as high. Sir William, with his Report, makes a good fourth, and one can only wish that the authorities would invite him to publish a work on Army Reform in general.

Thoughts on the Albert Hall

What is the most impressive building in London? The question was asked the other day, and we were disposed to reply in favour of the Albert Hall. Architecturally, of course, it is not so imposing as other places. Its classic dome is not considered by artists equal to that of St. Paul's, and it has not the background of Westminster Abbey. But think of its associations!

What we may expect unless cricket livens up considerably

Scene: Lords. Time: Next Summer

SMITH: "Hullo, didn't know you took an interest in cricket"

BROWN: "I don't; I'm taking my annual holiday, and this is the only absolutely deserted spot I could find"

No vast movement to speak of can be made in the Metropolis except from the Albert Hall. There, popular concerts were first tried, and there Dr. Torrey revived us. Bazaars of every shade of magnitude have been inaugurated behind its spacious walls; it looks out upon the Albert Monument. There, in a few days, Mr. Chamberlain's faithful supporters will wear their pink badges for the first time.

The premises of Messrs. Buchanan decorated in honour of the King of Spain

Concerning Badges

Badges, by the way, would make a rather fascinating subject for a book. Some people maintain that badges, like uniforms, are a mediæval survival, and unfitted for the modern intelligence. It is true that certain individuals dislike to wear the sign of their profession openly. "No uniform," says a gentleman, otherwise perfectly willing to be a porter or lift attendant. "No caps," is another thing often insisted upon by ladies, who will in some respects sacrifice themselves to any extent. Our omnibus conductors are prouder of their *déshabillé* than they would be of the smartest tunic. On the other hand, a large number of people love an outward mark of their inner convictions. They will wear a white ribbon to show that they do not smoke; and a blue one to show that they do not drink alcohol. Regiments will often almost mutiny before they part with a cherished distinction. Take away their uniform, and how many hospital nurses would be left?

Is the Omnibus Conductor a Kelt?

Our own theory is, that the difference of opinion on these points really indicates a difference of race. The Saxon in us loves badges and uniforms. His natural reticence and inability to express himself need counteracting. The Kelt, on the other hand, born fluent and expressive, finds that these things hamper his individuality. Not, of course, that all hospital nurses, and Tariff Reformers, and teetotalers are Saxon, and all omnibus conductors, Kelts. We were only beginning to advance a theory which has outrun us. A way theories have.

The Most Impressive Building

All this has drawn us some distance from the question of London's most impressive building. The Zoo cannot be admitted, for the reason that it is a series of buildings, and the Houses of Parliament should be similarly disqualified. The palaces — Buckingham and Kensington — are not good enough. Nor is Exeter Hall. The Coliseum is too new. On the whole, the question resolves itself mostly into a matter of taste or individual experience. Some people are a good deal impressed by the Law Courts; others by Madame Tussauds. Mr. Chesterton would probably vote for the waterworks at Notting Hill. The intelligent foreigner is equally impressed by the Tower of London, and the number of platforms at Waterloo. We believe that no two people in succession would agree about the answer.

ARMY LIMERICKS.—No. I.

There once was a soldier on guard,
Who muttered, "It seems very hard,
"I should stand all the day
"In this poor kind of way,
"Doin' time—as it were—by the yard."

Holiday Advice

(*By our Special Expert*)

Country Cousin (Blossoms-on-Ooze).—It is not really necessary to take your own towels to any of the best London hotels. The meaning of the phrase, "Terms from 10*s.* 6*d.* daily," is that you cannot possibly reside in that particular hotel for a daily expenditure of half a guinea.

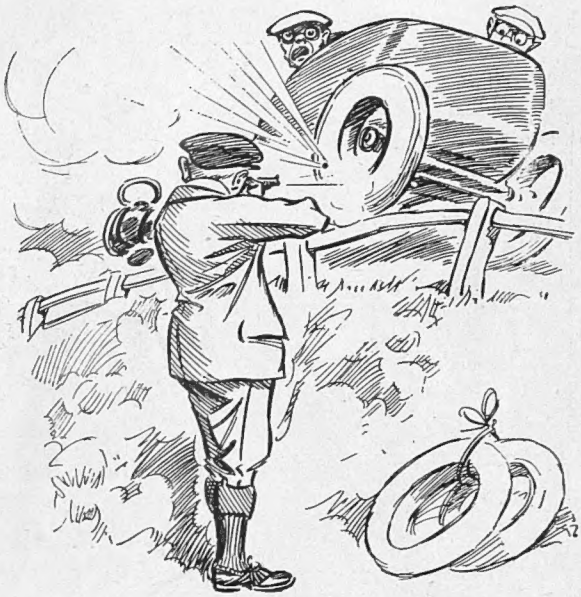
Traveller (Hoxton).—The Great Sahara Golf Links are free to all, and any demand for subscriptions from nomadic Arabs should be resisted. Owing to the abnormal appetites of the local ostriches, a large supply of Haskells should be taken.

Enthusiast (Shepherd's Bush).—As you say your holiday is strictly limited to a week, it is a little difficult to name a locality in which you can enjoy big-game shooting. Perhaps the best substitute for the pursuit of the larger mammalia in England is motor-tyre shooting. Sportsmen, armed with air-guns, have recently secured some fine bags by lying in ambush on the Bath Road.

Rest Cure (Westminster).—Sorry I cannot oblige you. I do not know a watering-place to which the *Daily Mail* has not penetrated. Since the introduction of their Under-Seas Edition, even diving-bell holidays have lost their attractions.

General (Harbin).—The route I should select for your walking tour would be as follows:—Take the straight road from Harbin to Lake Baikal; then, turning slightly to the right at the first finger-post,

"I do not know a watering-place to which the 'D.M.' has not penetrated"



Excellent reports from the roads. Motor-cars plentiful, and strong on the wheel

make for Irkutsk. Thence it is a delightful tramp through the picturesque Ural Mountains to Moscow. I should recommend a prolonged stay at this historic city. Rate of walking—begin at sixty miles a day, reducing the pace gradually if you become fatigued. I should deprecate any wayside halts during the Siberian summer.

CAUTIOUS (Godalming).—You will run no risk of elephantiasis, leprosy, or housemaid's knee by making a stay at Ventnor. The Medical Officer of Health informs me that the only death which has occurred this season was the suicide of a despairing undertaker. In answer to your second query, usually the Isle of Wight can only be reached by a sea-voyage. Air-ship trips are infrequent and expensive. You seem unaware of the fact that islands are generally surrounded by water.

ROMANCER (Hampstead).—It is difficult to name a holiday resort of which the local colour has not been worked up by other novelists. Something might be done with Stromboli (grand final chapter of broiled villain), the Calf of Man, or Wigan.

PATRIOT (Birmingham).—No doubt the sea-bathing at Leamington would suit you, though I have heard complaints that the shore is at too great a distance from the town for comfort. Still, I am assured by the Town Clerk that it is quite possible to leave the town at sunrise, have a dip in the briny, and be back in your hotel at midnight.

DISGUSTED (Maida Vale).—You wish for a watering-place without a rainfall, an average temperature of 70 degrees the year round, and fashionable, yet not too exclusive, society. The following towns are guaranteed by their corporations to possess all the advantages you name: Brighton, Blackpool, Southend, Douglas, Cleethorpes, Clacton, Southsea, Bournemouth, Scarborough. For completion of list, please see these columns during the next six weeks.

Next week we shall inaugurate our new Volume (No. VII.) with a special Henley Number

Badly bunkered

The Shah's welcome

AUSTRALIANS v. DUBLIN UNIVERSITY

Photo by] **The Two Elevens: In this match the Australians were victorious by 231 runs** [*Lafayette*

Top row (*standing, left to right*): H. H. Crowley, W. W. Armstrong, J. E. Lynch, W. R. Howell, A. L. Lepper, P. A. Meldon, S. D. Lambert
Second row (*standing*): Skelton (umpire), J. J. Kelly, D. R. Gehrs, E. Ensor, A. Cotter, R. M. Gwynn, A. J. Hopkins, L. A. Harvey, Hench (umpire)
Front row (*sitting*): S. E. Gregory, C. R. Faussett, M. A. Noble, F. R. Browning, R. A. Duff, V. T. Trumper
Front row (*on ground*): G. T. Gwynn, P. G. Newland

AN AMERICAN TEAM FOR BISLEY

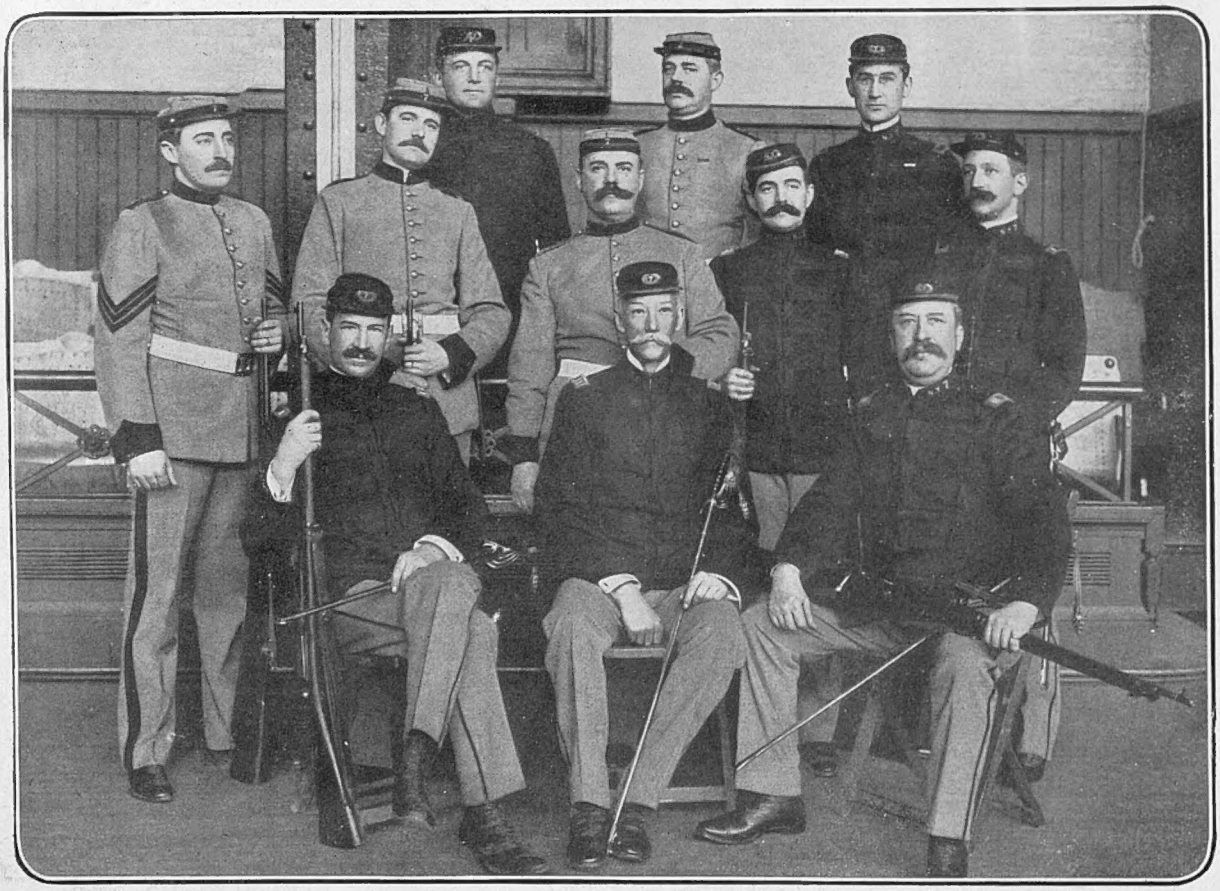


Photo by] **The American Rifle Team, from the 7th Regiment, to compete at Bisley this year** [*Aiman, New York*

The American Riflemen, who are members of the 7th Regiment, will compete against the Queen's Westminsters. The team arrived in London on June 24, and go to Bisley on July 1. They are to attend a special service in Westminster Abbey on July 2, and will be entertained in other ways. They will attend the review of the Westminster Volunteers on July 8 at Hyde Park

Royal Ascot

THE FINISH FOR THE ROYAL HUNT CUP

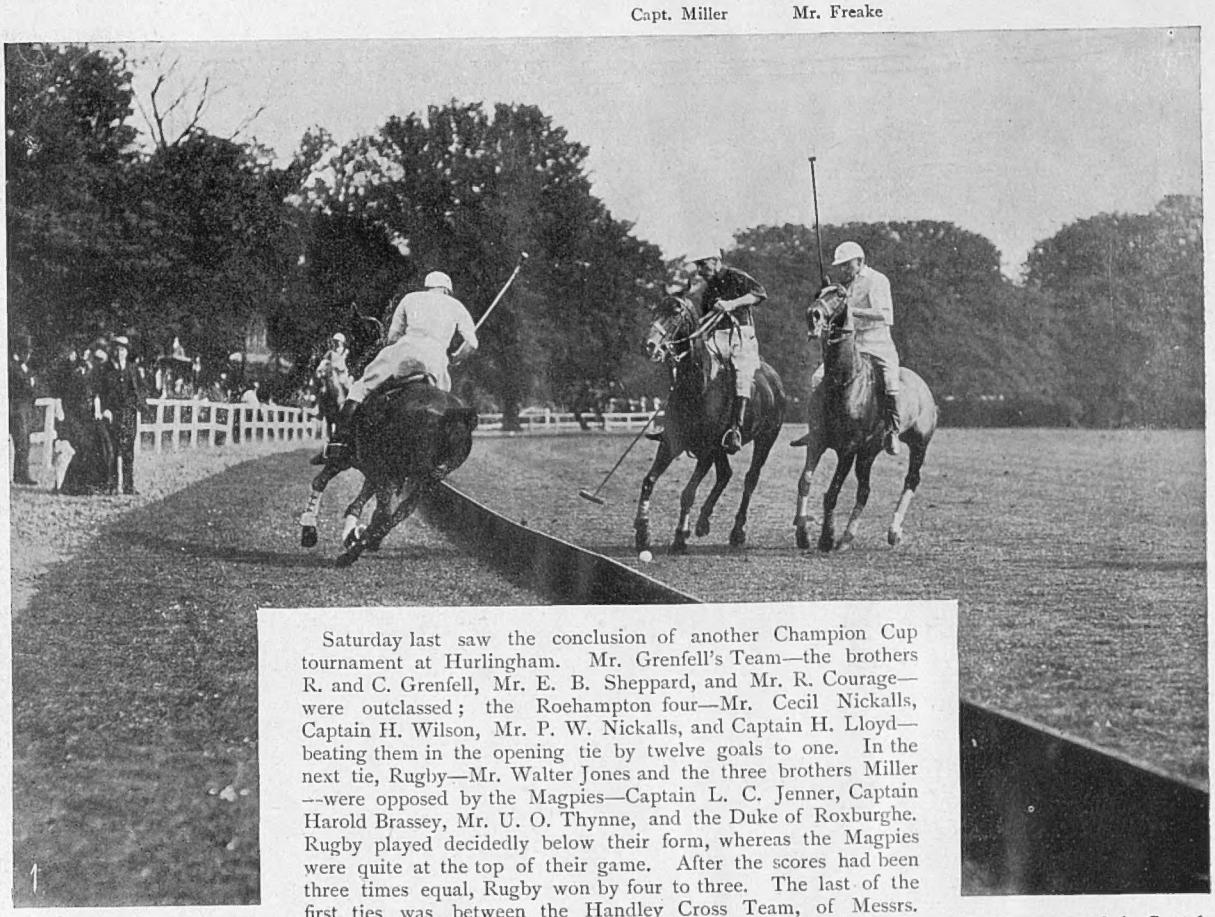
Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Andover wins in easy fashion

Mr. Frank Alexander's winner romped home by two lengths, followed by Pharisee and Dean Swift. Mr. Alexander's success recalls last Ascot, when he won the Gold Cup

Polo Championship Cup at Hurlingham

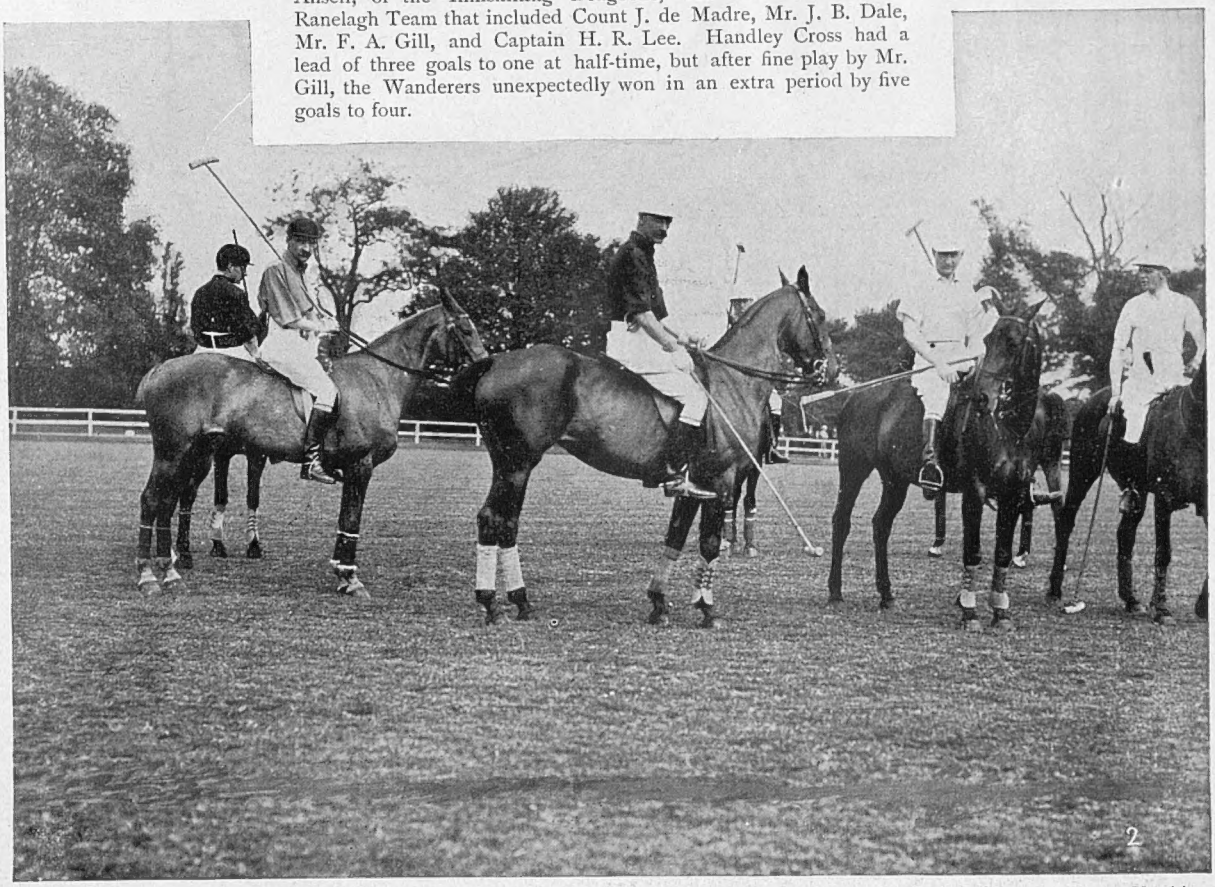
Capt. Miller Mr. Freake



(1) Play on the boards

Saturday last saw the conclusion of another Champion Cup tournament at Hurlingham. Mr. Grenfell's Team—the brothers R. and C. Grenfell, Mr. E. B. Sheppard, and Mr. R. Courage—were outclassed; the Roehampton four—Mr. Cecil Nickalls, Captain H. Wilson, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, and Captain H. Lloyd—beating them in the opening tie by twelve goals to one. In the next tie, Rugby—Mr. Walter Jones and the three brothers Miller—were opposed by the Magpies—Captain L. C. Jenner, Captain Harold Brassey, Mr. U. O. Thynne, and the Duke of Roxburghe. Rugby played decidedly below their form, whereas the Magpies were quite at the top of their game. After the scores had been three times equal, Rugby won by four to three. The last of the first ties was between the Handley Cross Team, of Messrs. H. Rich and F. J. Mackey, and Majors Neil Haig and G. K. Ansell, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and the Wanderers, a Ranelagh Team that included Count J. de Madre, Mr. J. B. Dale, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Captain H. R. Lee. Handley Cross had a lead of three goals to one at half-time, but after fine play by Mr. Gill, the Wanderers unexpectedly won in an extra period by five goals to four.

(2) A snapshot of the Cantab and Rugby teams

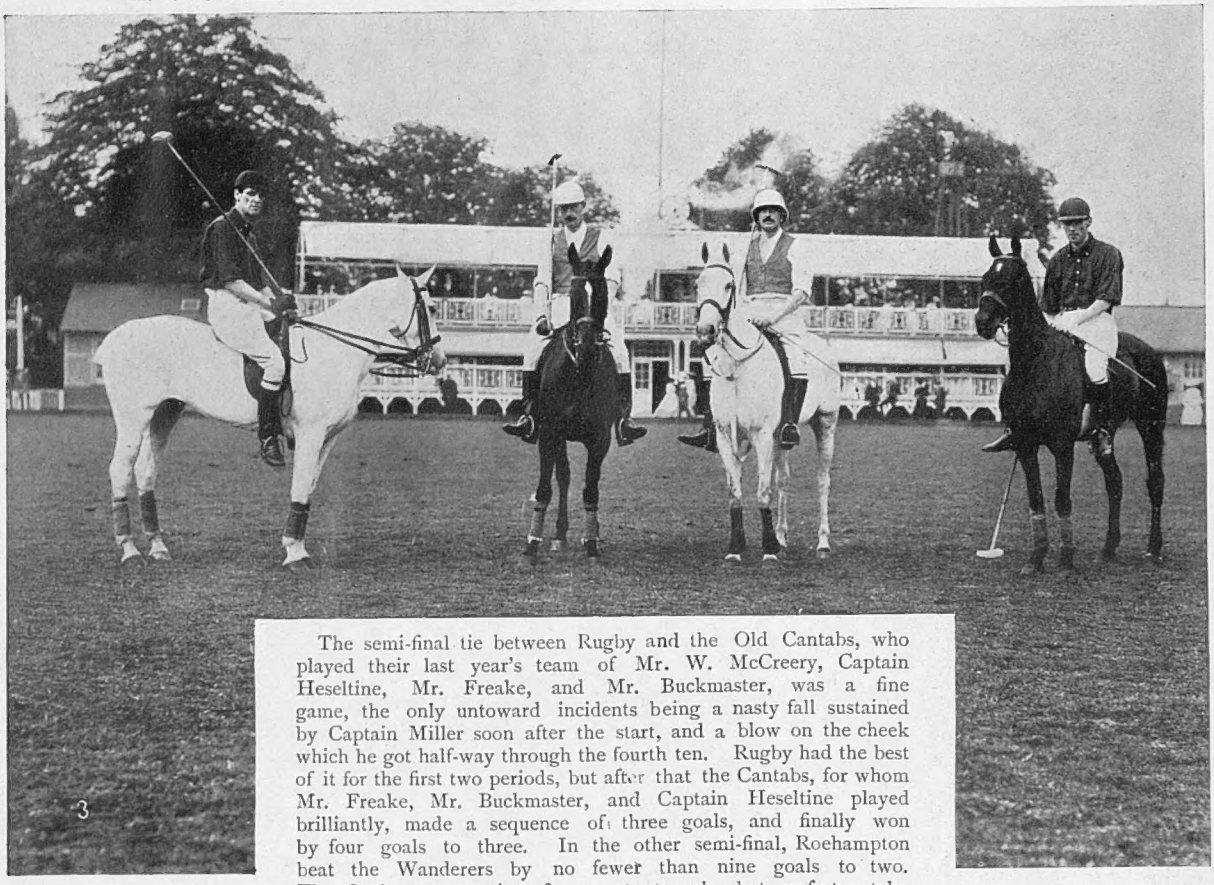


Mr. G. A. Miller Capt. Miller Mr. Buckmaster Capt. Heseltine

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

Polo Championship Cup at Hurlingham

Mr. P. W. Nickalls | Capt. H. Lloyd | Capt. H. Wilson | Mr. C. P. Nickalls



(3) The Roehampton Team
Winners of the Cup

The semi-final tie between Rugby and the Old Cantabs, who played their last year's team of Mr. W. McCreery, Captain Heseltine, Mr. Freake, and Mr. Buckmaster, was a fine game, the only untoward incidents being a nasty fall sustained by Captain Miller soon after the start, and a blow on the cheek which he got half-way through the fourth ten. Rugby had the best of it for the first two periods, but after that the Cantabs, for whom Mr. Freake, Mr. Buckmaster, and Captain Heseltine played brilliantly, made a sequence of three goals, and finally won by four goals to three. In the other semi-final, Roehampton beat the Wanderers by no fewer than nine goals to two. The final gave promise of a great struggle, but, unfortunately, the game was marred by a bad fall that Mr. Freake had in the first period. With the exception of Captain Heseltine, who did a tremendous lot of work, the Old Cantabs gave a most disappointing display, Roehampton gaining a well-deserved victory by five goals to none, and being presented with the Cup by the Duchess of Westminster.

(4) Old Cantabs v. Rugby
A run by Mr. Freake and Mr. Buckmaster

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Lady Alexander

Lady Alexander, the subject of our frontispiece this week, is a patroness of Skyes, and is devoted to her long-haired favourites. She is pretty, with bright, pleasant manners, and, like many successful Society women, is the daughter of a clergyman, the Rev. Henry Holden, a canon of Durham. Lady Alexander is the mother of two pretty little boys, the elder, Claud, being now about eight years old. Sir Claud Alexander is the son of a very distinguished soldier, Major-General Sir Claud Alexander. The present baronet was also for a time in the Royal Scots Fusiliers; he retired some years ago, and has since occupied himself with the local affairs of Ayrshire, where he owns a fine property near Mauchline.

Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

Sir John Schroeder

Head of the banking firm of J. H. Schroeder and Co., and a keen sportsman

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

A snapshot of Lord Enniskillen and Lord Cholmondeley, taken at Ascot

Sir John Schroeder

Sir John Schroeder, the head of the eminent banking firm of J. H. Schroeder and Company, of Leadenhall Street, lives at that beautiful spot known as "The Dell," Old Windsor. His firm, quite recently, gave a munificent donation of £1,000 to Guy's Hospital, which, no doubt, as our readers are aware, is making strenuous appeals for assistance. Sir John has the distinction, not only of being created a baronet by the late Lord Salisbury, but he was created a baron of Prussia in 1868. He was married to a Russian lady, who died about five years ago, but has no direct heir to his immense wealth. He is very popular in sporting circles.

Miss Muriel Foster

One of the most charming and talented of British singers is the young lady who has the courage to sing under her own typically English name. Miss Muriel Foster is a niece of the delightful artist, Birket Foster, whose work gave so much pleasure to Victorian connoisseurs and art lovers. Though still quite young, Miss Foster has had an interesting professional career; she sang before Queen Victoria very shortly before our late revered Sovereign's death, and she toured with Madame Albani in Canada shortly after. Miss Foster has made herself a great name with those musical enthusiasts who attend the various festivals. In 1902 she sang at Worcester, and the following year at Cardiff. Her fame has even penetrated to Germany, for some three years ago she sang at the Lower Rhine Festival. Miss Foster has also enjoyed the distinction of singing before the King and Queen.

Sir Ernest Cecil Cochrane

Sir Ernest Cecil Cochrane, who is the elder son of the late Sir Henry Cochrane, was born in 1873, and was educated at Queen Elizabeth's School, Ipswich, and subsequently at Trinity College, Dublin. At the age of eighteen, he began his commercial career with a firm of manufacturing chemists in Dublin. A year later, he travelled through the United States and

Photo by *Lafayette*

Sir Ernest Cecil Cochrane

Who has offered a 100-Guinea Presentation Cup, to be played for by English, Scottish, Canadian, and American football teams

The Prince of Wales's Interest in Municipal Politics

Inauguration of the new L.C.C. Steamboat Service: Reception of the Prince of Wales on Greenwich Pier
The men lined up are watermen wearing Doggett's Coat and Badge

Canada. In 1898, he became a member of the Inner Temple, London, and was subsequently called to the Bar. It was his intention to stand for West Belfast in the Unionist interest at the next Parliamentary election, in place of Mr. Arnold Forster, but owing to the somewhat sudden death of his father he withdrew his candidature in favour of Captain Smylie.

Photos by *Haselden*

The Round Trip to Greenwich: The Prince of Wales entering the tram at Greenwich for his return through South London
The Prince tendered payment for his trip, and the coins are being preserved as a memento of the occasion

Two Beautiful Singers of Note

Mrs. Lou's Duveen

Among the most popular and *chic* miniature portraits exhibited this year, the elaborate and effective painting by Mr. Alyn Williams, R.B.A., R.M.S., of Mrs. Louis Duveen, has been greatly admired. This lady, who appears in a costume that reminds one of the graces of the eighteenth century, while retaining the distinction of modernity, is one of the family whose name has been so famous in the art world of late years. The house of Duveen were among the first to give enormous prices for old English furniture, and there has been no small number of cases in which their courage and *élan* has brought the fortunate seller of a collection of antiques a price beyond his wildest dreams. The charming portrait which we reproduce shows that members of the family who deal in so many beautiful things are themselves beautiful, which, according to the analogy of the man who drives fat oxen, is absolutely just.

Photo by "Sammy" Loates *[Bowden*

The well-known ex-jockey and trainer, whose promising apprentice, W. G. Evans, was killed in the Juvenile Plate on Derby Day

An Apology

In our issue for June 14, we published a photograph of a lady with the following inscription: "Mrs. Baxendale, daughter of the late Hon. Francis Scott, and prominent among London hostesses this year." The paragraph accompanying the photograph referred to Mrs. Baxendale, of Brook Street. Later, to our great regret, we discovered that the photograph we published was of another lady of the same name as the lady referred to in our letterpress. The mistake was one of pure inadvertence, as the photograph by mischance was not seen by the writer of the

Photo by *Pragnell*

Miss Muriel Foster

The well-known singer, whose recitals always attract a large audience

Photo by *Woolf*

Miss Nancy Freyne

Who not long since, was promoted prima donna of the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company, after only four months in the chorus

A Beautiful Miniature

Mrs. Louis Duveen

From the Painting by Mr. Alyn Williams, exhibited at the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters this year

Lord Selborne in Pretoria

Photo by *Nissen, Pretoria*

The Arrival of Lord Selborne, the New High Commissioner of South Africa, at Pretoria

Back Row (*left to right*): Capt. E. R. King, D.S.O., A.D.C. to the Lieut.-Governor; Capt. A. A. Duff, A.D.C. to the Lieut.-Governor; Mr. D. Malcolm, M.A., Private Secretary to the High Commissioner; Lieut. the Hon. J. C. Lyttelton, A.D.C. to the High Commissioner
Second Row: Col. G. C. Glyn, D.S.O., Private Secretary to the Lieut.-Governor; Capt. Dudley Marjoribanks, D.S.O., M.V.O., Military Secretary to the High Commissioner
Front Row: Capt. Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley; Lord Selborne

paragraph. At the same time, such a mistake is liable to cause pain, especially when published in a weekly paper, as time must elapse before it can be rectified. In taking this first opportunity of drawing attention to the error, we beg to tender our most sincere apologies to the parties concerned.

An International Triangular Shooting Match

Scene during the match

GREAT interest was aroused by the International triangular shooting match, which took place between the "Société de fusil de chasse," Paris, the "Royal Nimrod Club," Holland, and the "Isle of Wight Gun Club," on the latter's ground at Ashey, near Ryde, on June 15. Our illustrations show a scene during the progress of the match, and a view of the three competing teams. In the latter photograph are seen the presidents of the English, French, and Dutch clubs respectively, namely, Lord Alverstone in the centre, M. Bucquet sitting on his right side, and J. Van der Vliet on his left. The result of the match was an easy victory for the Paris team.

The three competing teams

Photos by *Hughes and Mullins*

A Noted French Actor

M. de Max

Who is playing leading rôles with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt during her season in London

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Avenue Theatre

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

It was curious to study the audience on the first night of the revival of Richard Ganthony's perennial play. They laughed so quickly on the points as almost to anticipate them. It was patent they were on the watch for them. This meant something more than mere knowledge of the dialogue and situations. The laughter had a pleasant ring to it, which implied enthusiasm at meeting with an old friend. Perennial is a steep adjective to use of a play, but there are qualities about *A Message from Mars* which time cannot impair. The play is for no time, and, therefore, for all time. It is not a comedy of manners of any particular period, and so liable to get out of date, but a fantastical sermon preached upon one of the seven deadly sins.

So cleverly is the character of Horace Parker delineated, that as the play progresses a little voice of conscience seems to whisper in our ears, "There's more than a little Horace Parker in you; don't you remember the occasion when—"

The play is a little sermon which is so charmingly phrased, that we come away with pleasant feelings towards the preacher. It inspires a mild penitence in our hearts, which is very refreshing. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is as delightful as ever in the rôle of Horace Parker. He plays the part on slightly broader lines than before, but his comedy is never anything but polished, and of the first class His outbursts of petulance, the injured innocence of his tones, the admixture of fear and bravado in his attitude towards the messenger—all these make up an unforgettable picture. Besides, is there anyone who can kick at the snow with such a world of meaning?

Mr. Arthur Williams
As the Tramp in *A Message from Mars*

Mr. Charles Hawtrey
As Horace Parker, in *A Message from Mars*

Coronet Theatre

"ANGELO"

The revival of Victor Hugo's forty-year old drama, with which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt saw fit to open her season in London, has been very severely jumped up n by the critics. It is a little puzzling to find a motive for this wave of virtuous indignation, which has swept through the ranks of the faculty. They must have suffered many a melodrama during the present season without being driven to write philippics against this lowly branch of the playwright's art. To read their pointed periods, one might imagine they had sharpened their pens to cut away an insidious growth which threatened the very existence of the Drama, with a capital D. *Angelo*, fortunately, is the type of play which will stand a little blood-letting, and be none the worse. It belongs to the species of rude, crude play which survives the critical knife. To operate upon it is mere waste of time, and reflects no credit upon the operator. He is at pains to no purpose. For the play lives merely for the opportunities it provides for the art of acting. In other respects, it has no vitality, and may be regarded as "gone before."

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is, perhaps, unaware of the present feeling of the English playgoing public towards the drama. They are all for the play, and let the player go hang. In France, it is otherwise, and I can imagine a French audience following with the keenest interest the action of the players as they unfold this mediæval Council of Ten story of the stilletto, the secret door, and the poison cup. The play concerns five persons, a spy and four victims of his machinations. All have fine rôles to interpret. To cite an amusingly cynical line in Mr. R. C. Carton's *Wheels Within Wheels*, the quartet of victims are "bound together by the irrevocable ties of mutual infidelity." Angelo, the podesta of Padua, loves the beautiful actress, Tisbé, who loves Ridolfo, who loves Catarina, the podesta's wife. The ingenuity with which the dramatist manipulates

Characters in "Angelo" at the Coronet Theatre

his characters is worthy of a better reception than cheap sneers at old-fashioned melodrama. The sheer audacity of the playwright in forging links to keep his situations from falling to pieces compels admiration. I will describe a link in the chain which will suffice to show that, from one view-point, the play deserves the hard things which have been written about it.

Tisbé, the madly jealous courtesan, is introduced by the spy, Homodei, into the chamber of Catarina, the podesta's wife. Tisbé has the strongest reasons for suspecting that Angelo, her lover, is concealed within. Mistress and wife are natural enemies. Yet, for the purposes of the play, they must be brought into sympathy with each other. This apparently impossible feat is accomplished by the playwright in the following naïve manner. At the moment when Tisbé is about to call for Angelo, and thus bring the whole situation (and the play) tumbling to pieces, she catches sight of a crucifix in the room, and recognises it as the one given by her mother years ago to the girl who saved her life! Her fierce hatred towards Catarina is dried up, and on the unexpected appearance of the podesta she saves Catarina by inventing a thin story of a plot against the podesta's life, and by this means hurries him out of the room in order that the hidden lover, whom she suspects to be Angelo, mark you, may escape. Shades of Surrey-side melodrama!

Yet this ludicrous link is sufficient to carry the weight of the chain. All thought of its weakness disappears when the thraldom of the ensuing scene begins to work. And so throughout the play. One dramatic situation follows another so quickly, that there is no time to dwell upon ridiculous improbabilities. One's attention is riveted upon the players rising to the remarkable opportunities which fall to them.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
As Tisbé, the actress, in Victor Hugo's *Angelo*

The first to score in the play is M. de Max, in the rôle of Homodei. He is a picturesque schemer in black doublet and red hose, who burns his way into one's attention by his terrible earnestness. All the time he is on the stage it is impossible to get out of range of his cruel face and blazing eyes. He is an irresistible figure to strike sparks in the imagination. His death scene alone is a piece of theatricalism which will remain in the memory when the mind will search in vain for the context in the play. In the throes of death he rises on tip-toe, as if to assert to the full the live remnants of his strength; in the rigour of death he falls with arm uplifted and fingers clenched, to subside a limp heap as the curtain falls.

Next in the sequence of the play is Mme. Blanche Dufrene, who, as Catarina, dominates the fourth act. Condemned by her husband, the podesta, to drink what she thinks is a deadly potion, she rages against the fate which robs her of her lover. In a wonderful speech, she upbraids her husband for the lonely life she has led, uncheered by a word of love from his lips.

The fifth and last act is Tisbé's. It was she who provided the narcotic in place of the poison for Catarina. Ridolfo enters, and seeing the unconscious form of his love, accuses Tisbé of having murdered her. He stabs her body, after first stabbing her soul by telling her that he has loved not her, but Catarina. The pathos of this death may be imagined by all who have witnessed Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in scenes of this kind, and her repertory numbers many. It is not profitable to seek to impair this scene by niggling comments upon melodrama, and comparisons with the final tragedy, to which it bears a faint resemblance, of *Romeo and Juliet*.

A bit of "Gag"
Homodei (M. de Max) sets his ruffians to work

Pastoral Plays

These are the days when the thoughts of the playgoer turn from stuffy upholstered stalls to the cool green sward, such as enriches the sweet prospect of the Botanic Gardens. For such as these, Mr. Patrick Kirwan makes provision with a capital company of Pastoral Players, who opened promisingly with *The Tempest* on June 20. But of this repertory more anon. E. C. S.

An Effective Stage Entrance

The "Palace Girls," as they make their entrance sliding down a chute at the Palace Theatre

And the pace which this lively troupe of dancers commence their turn is well kept up to the finish

FROM ABROAD

A HOLIDAY IN SPAIN

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA—THE PALACE OF THE ANCIENT CALIPHS

The recent visit of King Alfonso to England has brought Spain to the minds of English people with a prominence it has not enjoyed for many years. In fact, we have to hark back to the days when Wellington made Spain one of his never-to-be-forgotten battle-grounds, before we find such interest in Spanish doings. A cynic has said somewhere that Spain is, so far, free from that bugbear of Continental travelling—the meeting everywhere of one's own countrymen. If that be so, one wonders what it is that keeps people away from so fair a country.

On Horseback in Spain

The question of travelling in Spain should be well thought out, for while a network of railways is spreading all over the country, connecting up all the larger towns, much travelling is done by diligence or on horseback. And as to roads, why you have the choice of several, as romantic as could be wished. You may take the ordinary *camino de herradura*, the bridle-road, or, literally, horse-shoe road; the *sendero* or *senda*—a pathway "just marked out by the foot of the smuggler and labourer"; the *camino de perdices*, or road of partridges, a path traced out by instinct rather than by landmarks; or, finally, you may take the bed of a river, which, having dried up in summer, is used as a road. Any of these offer a delightful prospect to those who, for "the sweetness of the mountain air," are prepared "the toilsome way, and long, long league to trace."

The King of the "Gitanos"

As he stands outside the dungeons of the Alhambra waiting to offer his services as a guide, His Majesty of the Gitanos presents a perfect picture of that type of rascally Spaniard so often portrayed in the famous "Rogue" romances of his country

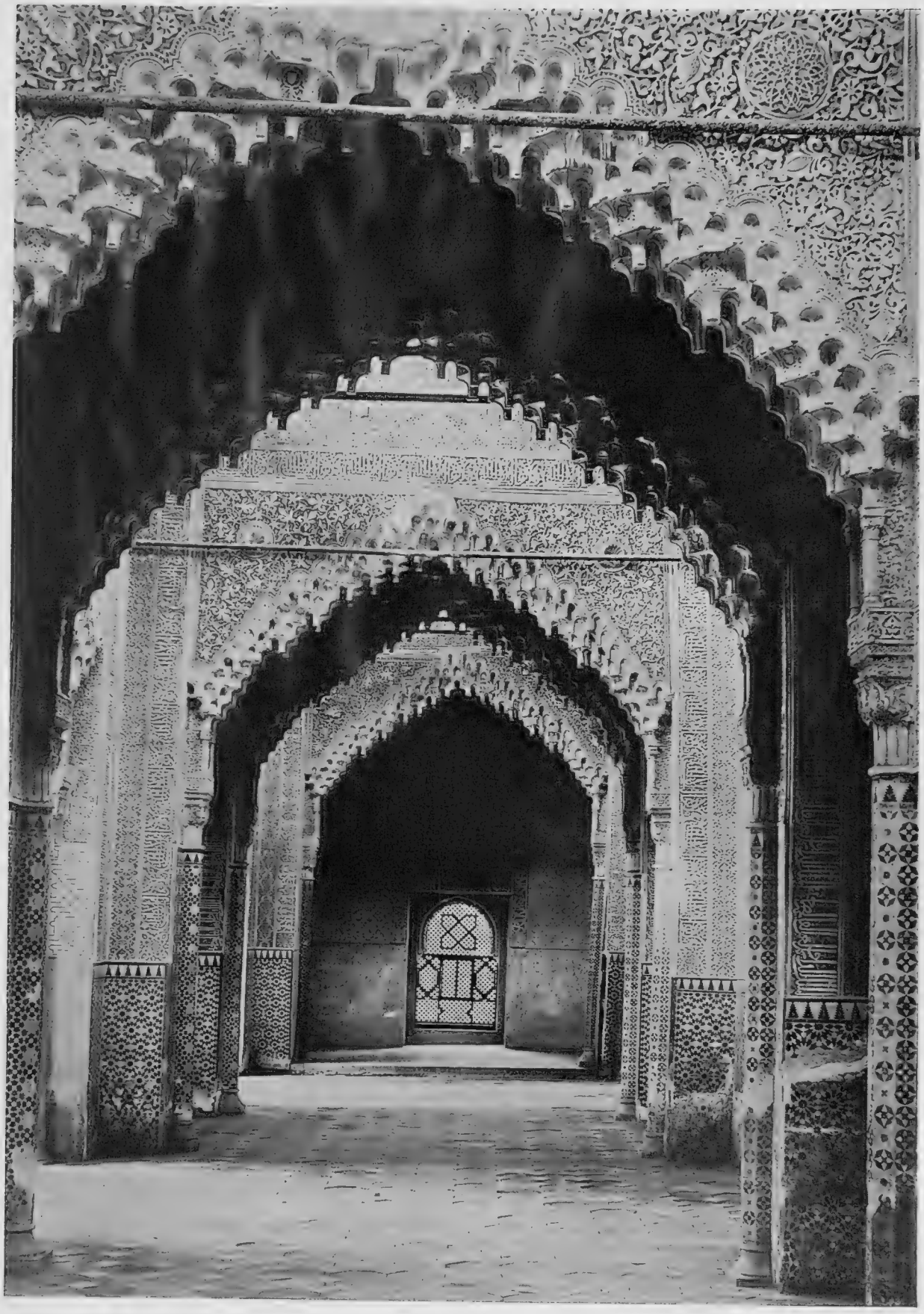
The City of Granada

Granada is, of course, remembered as the town which contains the great show-place of Spain—the Alhambra. Yet, in itself, Granada possesses many points of interest, and, from its situation, is one of the most charmingly picturesque towns in Spain. It is built on four hills, some 2,200 feet above the sea, and on the highest of them stands the Alhambra. The plain below is watered by three rivers, and is exceedingly fertile, and stretches away to the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. The Cathedral at Granada, in which Ferdinand and Isabella lie buried, is a magnificent building, though so surrounded by houses as hardly to be seen to advantage. One of our illustrations gives a fine view of this massive pile.

The Alhambra

To convey an adequate impression of the Alhambra, one would need to use the imagery of the Arabian Nights. The name which applies to the whole fortress, and not only to the lavishly decorated Moorish palace, means "the red castle." Built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it contains the crowning efforts of Moorish art. Forbidden by their religion to introduce living figures or animals into their designs, the Moors have used flowers and geometrical forms with the most surprising and beautiful ingenuity. The Alhambra was commenced by the founder of the Masrite dynasty in 1248, and continued by succeeding sovereigns, one of whom, Yusuf I., is said to have had revenues so vast that he was said to obtain them by the transmutation of metals. Of the palace, Mr. O'Shea, in his guide-book on Spain and Portugal (A. and C. Black), says: "The whole seems to have been the work of the Genii, raised in a night by the sounds of some mysterious soft music, and at the wand of a magician—so light, vapoury, spider's-web-like, gossamer work it is." And we learn from the same author that "the grounds of the Alhambra are woody, and at Springtime full of sweet scented wild flowers, which numerous rills of snow-water gushing from the Sierra keep up green and

A "Gossamer" Hall in the Alhambra



The Hall of Justice in the famous Alhambra. This hall is fashioned from fretted marble and inlaid with gorgeous mosaics

A Street Scene in Granada: Bullock carts bringing in bundles of faggots from the country

The word "hurry" is totally unknown in Spain. Everything proceeds with that calm, quie dignity which has gained Spain a reputation as a land of luxurious laziness. The bullock cart and the labouring diligence seem to set an example which the railways are not loath to follow, as the traveller soon finds out

blossoming. Flocks of nightingales seek at that season the shade of the secluded bowers, and their joyous songs blend with the murmur of fountains and buzz of myriads of insects."

"The Last Sigh of the Moor"

A short distance from Granada is the hill from which the gallant Boabdil, the last of the Moorish rulers, having rendered up the keys of Granada to his conquerors, and been allowed to pass out of the city with his followers, turned to gaze once more at the mighty fortress he had so gallantly defended. The scene is one of the most affecting in history, and is enshrined in one of Washington Irving's finest literary efforts: "While yet they looked," he says, "a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. '*Al'ah achbar*!' (God is great!) said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears." Since that day the hill has been known to the Spaniards by the romantic name of "*El ultimo suspiro del Moro*," or "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

A Spanish diligence about to start from Granada on a journey into the Sierra Nevada

Although the principal towns in Spain are connected by railways, there are few reliable branch lines, and communication is by the old-fashioned diligence, with its team of six or eight mules, or by horseback

General view of the fortress of the Alhambra

The Alhambra, or "Red Palace," consists really of a large fort, which crowns the top of the highest eminence in Granada, and not only of the wonderful Moorish palace which has come to be associated solely with that name. The walls are over a mile in circumference, and it was in this fortress that Boabdil, the last of the Moorish rulers, and his followers, kept at bay, for eight months, the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella, which numbered among their ranks the flower of Spanish chivalry

View of the town of Granada from the Alhambra battlements

In the time of the Moors, Granada was a vast garden of delight, and the inhabitants, according to Washington Irving, "took a pride in decorating it, as it it had been a favourite mistress." But since then the town has sadly declined, though it is still one of the larger cities of Spain. In the magnificent Cathedral, seen to the left in our illustration, Ferdinand and Isabella, and also Philip I., lie buried. The University here is a large one, and has about one thousand students attending it. Looking into the far distance, the Sierra Nevada can easily be seen, though too far away to be taken in by the lens of our photographer

CONCERNING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

(NO. 82 OF THE SERIES)

There have been twenty-five Presidents of the United States of America before Mr. Theodore Roosevelt; but not one of them was ever so generally approved of in England as he is. Our public men and newspapers have patted him on the head without intermission since 1901. He is our ideal of what an American statesman should be: that is to say, as much like an English one as the circumstances will allow — of large private means, of established social position, and of strong sporting tastes. For these virtues, so unusual in American Presidents, we are willing to forgive him for his terrible industry, his painful earnestness, and his alarming way of blurting things out. Beneath all our eulogies, in fact, there is faintly discernible a feeling of some pity for Mr Roosevelt. We feel, in the kindness of our hearts, that it is hard luck for him to be an American; that a man with whom we have so much sympathy cannot really like it.

But he does. He would not for all the world be anything else: and it is the deep and rooted nature of his Americanism that has put him where he is now, and secured for him a personal and intimate friendship with the people of his country that some Americans greater than he never enjoyed. He has taken genuine delight in doing so many things that different kinds of Americans love. He has written well, governed well, hunted well, fought well. He has been a zealous and successful reformer among the corruptions of his country's public life: but he has also shown a very considerable aptitude for outwitting opponents and bringing things round his way. He has talked more about peace than most men: but he has also laid down more ships-of-war, for his peace-talk has never had anything passive about it. He has distinguished himself among Harvard students, and among the intellectuals of the New York aristocracy: but he has also roped steers and tamed evil-minded horses among the simplest and roughest people in his country. He has done more things, done them harder, and done them better, than any of his fellow-citizens; and politics happening to be one of the things, matters have turned out as we see.

Bad health is usually found a disadvantage. But it made Roosevelt, as it made Rhodes. He was sent to the Wild West, or as Wild a West as remained in America at that time, when he was a youth, to make him strong. The treatment succeeded. It made him one of the finest and most hard-driving human machines in the world: it led to the writing of half a dozen successful books on hunting, ranching, and all the arts of the plainsman; and ultimately, to the raising of a famous regiment of cowboy cavalry for the Spanish war, followed by a Western majority for the Republican candidate for President in 1904 such as had never been known.

Between his ranching days and the days of his Cuban laurels, however, came a long stretch of Eastern politics. At twenty-four he was a legislator for New York State. At twenty-six he led the House He has been a Civil Service Commissioner, head of the New York Police (who were less of a public danger under him than at any time in their history), Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, Governor of New York State, and Vice-President. He does not make phrases much: but when he does, they last. "Race suicide" is one; and "the strenuous life" is another.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is the way he has triumphed over bad eyes. In the Cuban fighting he carried a dozen pairs of reserve eye-glasses in a saddle-pouch. "I am not and never shall be more than an ordinary shot," he once wrote, "for my eyes are bad and my hand not over steady; yet I have killed every kind of game to be found on the plains."

He is the only American President whose name appears on the marriage register of St. George's Hanover Square, and he is probably the only one to have a family connection with our peerage—he is related to Lord North, and has stayed with him at Wroxton Abbey. His presidency, with three years still to run, is one of the most important in his country's history, and he is not only the youngest, but the most straightforward man who has filled the office since Washington. Consequently, you never know what he will be up to next. But whatever it is, he will probably pull it off.

BERTILLON-ITIS

"Dirty thumbs are a common sight in a drawing-room these days, betokening that the possessors have fallen victims to the wiles of the finger-print collector."—
SOCIETY JOURNAL.

At the latest thing in hobbies our Celebrity will quail,
For the Autograph Collector's trite demands
Were as nothing to this latest freak of Fashion, which decrees
That in future he must live with dirty hands.

No longer he'll be asked with eyes shut tight to draw a pig,
Or write a verse without a chance to think;
He'll be told to press his finger in a pretty little book,
Having previously dipped it in some ink.

So the epithet of "Lady's Man" in future will apply,
To the lucky one whose finger-tips are dark,
And, although his name and number may be missing from "Who's Who,"
He may justly claim to having "made his mark."

Large families of ladies will demand a finger each,
And if by chance the craze should thrive and grow,
We may yet see dainty damsels making hauls at a bazaar
By selling the impressions of a toe.

"First in War, First in Peace,—etc."

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND

DINNER A

AT PRINCES'

DRAWN BY SIDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

OUR SHORT STORY

COUNTRY QUIETUDE

By DAVID BURT

"We shall be able to study down there, of course. It will be quiet—too quiet for my taste. I shall have my letters sent on; I shall forget that I'm alive otherwise." So spake the wife.

"You have what you like sent on, my dear, only don't worry *me* with 'em. I want to forget about everything connected with the show, except your part and mine. We have got everything very nicely fixed up, so far, and now we can enjoy a month's absolute quiet before rehearsals begin. By that time we ought to have our parts pretty well defined." So spake the husband.

Frank Ashley had, after some trouble, completed his cast. Dates had already been booked, scenery arranged for, principals, managers, advance agents, and baggage men engaged, orders for the printing duly placed, the use of a theatre in London for rehearsals, which were to commence in a month's time, had been secured; and all that now remained to be done was, for Frank Ashley and his wife to master their parts in that romantic drama, *The Bellringer's Daughter*, with which they proposed to take the country by storm.

Frank Ashley and his wife, who was professionally known as Millicent Hyde, were, as a matter of course, the stars of their own company. A very considerable amount in money, care, and energy, had been expended on this production, and it therefore behoved them to do their utmost to make the play a success. So it came about that they had taken a little furnished cottage at Rustleigh for a month, to learn their parts and prepare for the coming struggle. They were to go into this sylvan retreat in a few days, and Mrs. Ashley was plaguing her husband with her proposals for its internal economy.

"Do as you like, my girl," he said. "All I want is to get away into the country and be quiet."

"I shall have everything sent down from the Stores," she suggested.

"All right," said he.

"But do you mind — or would you rather I didn't?" she persisted.

"Don't mind a bit what you do, so long as you don't worry me. Perfect calm is all I want. I'm not on in this act. I have had enough of plotting, and planning, and arranging, in the last fortnight—you do as you like.'

"Very well, then. I shall take Phœbe with us, and cook can come and stay with her husband to look after the place, and send my letters and things on."

"Make it quite clear that she is not to send on anything addressed to me."

"I will. Phœbe hasn't been looking at all well lately, poor girl; the change will do her good. I expect she'll be delighted to hear that she's going with us, don't you?"

But Frank Ashley was deep in an easy chair and a novel, recuperating after his hard day's work. He would not answer; so his wife went off to give Phœbe, the housemaid, the delightful news.

An hour later, Phœbe, with a very forlorn expression of countenance, was conveying the delightful news to her young man, Trooper Webb.

"And I can't abide the country," she finished, with a sigh.

"Soon get fed-up on it myself," he said sympathetically, between the puffs at a capital Mexican cigar—the gift of his lady-love.

"And you country born, too," she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Country born *and* bred," he corroborated. "That's what makes me so fond of town life, I expect—that, and other things," he added, with a killing glance over his curled moustache at Phœbe.

"Go on—you," she said, hiding her blushing cheek coquettishly against his arm. "But, straight, I do wish I wasn't going," she added earnestly.

"Can't you chuck a sick?" he asked, in his soldier's vernacular—the suggestion being that she should feign sickness.

"They'd take me all the more then," she said. "Or more likely they'd sack me. Master's only going down there for the quiet, and he wouldn't want any illness in the 'ouse."

"What am I to do all the time you're away?" asked the gallant soldier.

"Do without me," she answered pertly.

"I'd a sight rather do *with* you," he assured her; whereon she pressed his arm more fondly than before.

"Will you promise me something, Joe?" she asked, seriously.

"What's that?"

"You won't go out with any other gel whilst I'm away, will you?"

"What do you take me for?" he asked, with well-simulated indignation.

"Well, don't be cross, Joe, but you know what some gels are. They do run after soldiers so."

"Let 'em run. They won't catch *me*," he said, slapping his leg with his swagger cane, in conscious virtue.

"I 'ope they won't," she said wistfully. "You'll write to us, won't you, Joe?"

"You write to *me* first," he said.

"So I will—soon as ever I get down there," she promised.

"Good iron. And if you see a chance of chasing 'em back again before the month's up, you chase 'em," he said, playfully.

"Don't you fret yourself about that," she answered. "But I must 'urry in, its striking ten. Good-bye, Joe."

"Good-bye, old girl; give us a good-bye kiss. It'll be a long time before I get another."

She kissed him soundly, as Big Ben and the lesser clocks of the neighbourhood boomed out the domestic servants' curfew. Then he turned on his heel and left her, reflecting sadly that whilst she was away Mexican cigars would be few and far between, and the "first house" at the Theatre of Varieties almost an unattainable luxury.

(Continued on page 658)

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"All the World's a Stage"

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEATH ROBINSON

(Continued from page 656)

II.

Phœbe, with her master and mistress, had been installed in Rose Cottage, Rustleigh, for three days. The greater part of that time had been taken up in dusting, airing linen, and arranging knick-knacks. But, at length, the girl had found time to write to her soldier-lover; and now she sat in the little kitchen reading the letter, with that peculiar exaltation of the intellect which sometimes follows the accomplishment of a difficult task.

ROSE COTTAGE, RUSTLEIGH.

DEAREST JOE,—We have all got down hear safe as the above shows I think Rose Cottage was built in the year dot they can't use the best bedroom as the staircase goes through it and I should have to go too bed before they did and stay abed till they was up which wouldn't half do seeing my room is atop of the house I don't think you'd like Rustleigh there's only one public hear closing at 9 because they get scarce any customers they say its the Revival done it Dearest Joe the country is very pritty but I'd rather be walking round Vincent Square with you. With love and kisses write soon so no more Dearest Joe.—Your loving friend, PHŒBE.

The post office was a mile away, and Phœbe was worn out with her day's work. She determined, therefore, to wait at the front gate until the postman should come along on his evening round, and get him to take her letter to the post. She had hardly reached the gate when the postman came up. He was bringing a letter to Rose Cottage. He was a fussy old man, and he handed the envelope to Phœbe with considerable palaver.

"There you are, my dear—*Miss Millicent Hyde*," he read the address aloud. "There's one for you."

"No it ain't, stoopid, it's for the missis," Phœbe said. "But you can post this for me when you get back to the village," and she was about to exchange letters with him.

"Let me look at it agen," he said, holding the envelope close to his lamp. "Ah, I thought my old eyes hadn't played me a trick. It's addressed *Miss*."

"Of course it is," she said, taking the letter from him. "Good-night."

He bade her good-night and passed on; and Phœbe returned towards the house. The postman went only a few paces, when he suddenly stopped and called her back.

"I say, Missy," he cried out.

"Well?" said Phœbe.

"What's *your* name?" he asked.

"That's my business."

"Very well, me dear, very well. I shouldn't like to take a letter to the wrong house, that's all."

Phœbe was mollified in a moment.

"My name's Phœbe Carter," she said.

"And what's the master's name?"

"Mister Frank Ashley."

"And the lady—she's Miss Millicent Hyde, eh?"

"I've told you once."

"And you be livin' in sarvice with folk like that?" said the old man sorrowfully. "Young 'ooman, the wages of sin is death."

"Well, it's time you was paid your lot—and don't forget to post my letter," said Phœbe, running in and shutting the door.

"Funny how fond these country people are of shovin' their noses into other people's business," Phœbe mused, as she sat over her solitary supper in the kitchen. "That old man thinks master and mistress ain't married—that's what I call *making* trouble."

Any thoughts that Phœbe might have to spare from herself and her work were bestowed upon Trooper Webb; and the conversation with the postman was soon forgotten. It was, however, quickly brought to her mind again on the following day. When she went down in the morning, she found on the mat a strip of paper which had obviously been thrust under the door. The paper had a text printed across it diagonally; and she promptly crumpled it up and swept it into her dust-pan. Three times during the day envelopes came for her master, marked *private*. She took them to him as they arrived. The last one he scrunched into a ball, which he threw at her as she left the room.

"Don't bring any more letters to me, however they may be addressed," he said, heatedly. "Each one of those things has contained a printed text or some absurd homily."

"Yes, sir," said Phœbe, respectfully. She did not know the meaning of the word homily. She went back to her kitchen vaguely associating it with hominy, and imagining, in an inconsequent way, that it must be some new sort of patent food which the local grocer was endeavouring to advertise by this not entirely original method.

But, excepting so far as her soldier-man was concerned, Phœbe was no fool. She felt intuitively that anything which tended to disturb the peace of Rose Cottage would have the effect of driving her master back to town; and her sympathies went out at once to the imaginary advertisers.

On the following morning, she took the village baker into her confidence whilst he was delivering the bread.

"Master gets a lot of tracts and things sent him, since we've been here," she said.

"I don't wonder at it," said the baker, with a knowing wink. He was a town-bred young man, with a greater knowledge of the world than most of his fellow tradesmen. "They've formed a Watch Committee in Rustleigh."

"Who are they watching?" Phœbe asked.

"They seem to be watching each other at present," said the baker. "But I fancy they'd like to find some one else to watch, so's they could all be on the same side, upholding the honour of Rustleigh."

Then, suddenly, a brilliant idea came to Phœbe.

"They'd better start on my master and missis," she suggested.

"Well, I didn't like to say so, but that's just what they *are* doing," said the baker. "Howsumdever, it's no business of mine. I ain't in it. Good-morning." And he hurried off.

It was plain to Phœbe that the old postman's surmise had been repeated to the village, and accepted there as a correct statement of the condition of things at Rose Cottage; and it was plain also to the girl that her part must be to help in the crusade against her employers, and to keep them in ignorance of its cause. Before the morning was out, she found an unconscious ally in the person of Peter, the old fellow who had been let with the house, and whose duties were to come once a week to attend to the garden, and twice a day to milk the cow—also let with the house—which ruminated in the paddock beyond it. He was a crony of the postman's, and shared his horror of this village scandal. He chanced to come up the garden path and tap on the scullery window whilst Mrs. Ashley was in the adjoining kitchen, occupied by the unusual task of making pastry.

"What do you want?" Phœbe asked him.

"The milking pail."

"Then come in and get it," she said. Her hands and arms were covered with soapsuds.

"She took the village baker into her confidence"

DRAWN BY JOHN DA COSTA

"Just pass un out," said he. "I'll not enter a house of sin."

Phœbe, suppressing a wicked smile, handed out the milk-pail, and shut the door.

"What did the old fellow mean by that?" the mistress asked.

"I suppose he's like so many of them country people, he don't 'old with play-actors," Phœbe said.

"Who told him we were play-actors, as you call it; did you?"

"Me? Not likely," said Phœbe, quickly. "I've got quite enough to do to look after my own business, let alone other people's."

Mrs. Ashley murmured something about dreadful bigotry, and considered the incident closed: but Phœbe opened it again on the following morning. Whilst at work in the scullery, she happened to glance through the window and saw the gardener-cum-cowman peering through a laurel bush, with an expression of mingled pain and anger on his narrow, weather-worn face. Following his gaze, she discovered her master standing on the lawn beneath an apple tree, pressing his wife to his bosom, and pouring a flood of eloquence into her attentive ear. The leading lady and gentleman had made themselves word-perfect in their respective parts, and were now vowing eternal attachment to each other fluently and mellifluously, without the aid of the scrip.

Phœbe crept up beside the old man, and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"What do you think of 'em?" she asked, with a sorrowful face.

The old man turned away to his work with a sigh.

"And he's got grey hair, too," he said. "There'll be a meetin' of the Watch Committee to-night—I'll tell 'un there what I think o' 'un."

That night Peter was true to his word. The Watch Committee met in the village hall, after an assembly of the Urban Council, and the old man, his voice quavering with indignation, expressed his opinion on this flagrant outrage of rural sanctity for the space of a quarter of an hour.

"And I seen 'un this marnin'," he concluded, "a-kissin' and a-vowin' like a pair o' young loviers—'tis a shame and a sin—and him with grey hair on his yead, too, and a young sarvant-gel in the house."

"Gettin' all his things sent down from Lunnon, too," said the butcher. "Even his butcher's meat."

"Livin' in the lap o' luxury," said the village grocer, "whilst 'onest and clean-livin' folk may work and starve."

"They ought to be taught a lesson," said the postman. "That a did."

"Same as that groom chap over to Crowbridge that 'loped with the married 'ooman," said the grocer.

"Ah—they tritted 'em to rough music, they did."

"And sarve 'em right," said another member of the Committee, "and 'twould sarve these folk right, too, if they was tritted the same."

"They be no credit to Rustleigh, and no profit to us tradesfolk," cried the butcher. "I'm or tritting 'em the same as the couple at Crowbridge—all who favour rough music signify the same."

There was at once an unanimous show of hands. Every member of the Watch Committee was in favour of taking summary action by treating the delinquents to "rough music."

Now, if you have ever been so unfortunate as to hear the stillness of night rent by that peculiarly barbarous form of torture known as "rough music," you are not likely to forget the horror of it. In London, journeymen butchers sometimes resort to it when one of their mates so far forgets himself as to marry. On the wedding night, they assemble before the house of the unhappy couple, and, by beating together knives, steels, cleavers, and other implements of their trade, they play a fandango which sets all the dogs of the neighbourhood a-howling, and drives the inhabitants to the verge of distraction. This is meant as a pleasantry—a compliment humorously expressed—and, as such, the outrage upon the sensibilities is condoned by the newly-made husband and wife.

But, at Rustleigh, the incensed Watch Committee were actuated by no such kindly feelings. Bitterness was in their hearts; and bitterness was expressed on every instrument of tin and steel and iron to which their hands could be laid. The news that a band of rough music was afoot spread through the village with magical rapidity, and reinforcements came running from every street and alley. Boys, half dressed, who had risen from their sleep, joined the procession, armed with pots and pans and stout sticks to thwack upon them. One brought a purloined motor-horn; another, an old cracked and dented bugle, an heirloom, a relic of the Napoleonic wars, which, perhaps, had urged the thin red line on to victory, and was now to be turned to so base a use; many brought bicycle bells; and canisters of loose stones completed the equipment.

Headed by the butcher, this malevolent mob swung out of the village, stepped smartly through the country lanes, and halted at length before Rose Cottage. The house was in darkness; its occupants peacefully sleeping. The butcher struck his steels together and the fantasia began. Frank Ashley's delicate nerves were riven with the wild jangle; it seemed as a dream to him; he believed himself in torment. Then he awoke, and hid his head beneath the blankets, to shut out the nerve-shattering sounds.

"Get up," shouted his wife, "and send them away;" and, amid the din, her voice sounded no louder than a whisper.

Frank Ashley arose, and opened the lattice window. To speak amongst such a hubbub was useless, and he contented himself with violent gesticulation. His frantic gestures served only to arouse the crowd below to greater effort; as he stood there in the moonlight, he might have been taken for the conductor of this weird orchestra, and he soon discovered that his only hope of peace was to let them play themselves out.

This, in time, they did; and after a little desultory hooting, they trudged wearily back to the village.

In the morning the master came down, heavy-eyed and dishevelled, and sought out Phœbe in the kitchen.

"What was the meaning of that infernal disturbance last night?" he cried, livid with anger. "Why do these people come here, turning the front garden into a boilermaker's yard."

"That was rough music, sir," Phœbe explained.

"I should say it was—but why? What have *I* done to offend them?"

"I don't know, sir; it's no business o' mine. But, as I was telling the missus the other day, they've got the Revival down here—they don't like play-actors in this part of the country. I expect that's why they done it," said Phœbe.

"O lor," cried Ashley, "and I came down here for peace and quiet."

"They're coming again to-night," said Phœbe. This information was entirely unfounded, she had thought of it as she lay awake the previous night, rejoicing after the murderers of sleep were gone.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"It's only what I hear them say, when they come to the door," she explained.

"Then we will go back to town to-day," said Ashley, "and they can play their rough music to an empty house. Just you get the breakfast over as soon as you can and help your mistress to pack."

Neither of the women was at all averse to getting back to London as soon as might be; for the country quietude, which had ended so disastrously, had been entirely of the husband's seeking.

During the bustle of packing, Phœbe managed to snatch a moment or two to write a brief note to her lover:

DEAREST JOE,—I have managed to chase 'em back. Meet me to-morrow night seven at the usual place.—Your loving friend, PHŒBE.

She posted the letter at the railway station; and, on the following night, she met her lover at the north-east corner of St. Vincent Square, as appointed. She told him minutely, and in detail, how she had encouraged the yokels of Rustleigh in the belief that her master and mistress were not married, and so brought about their speedy return to town.

"Well, you're a mark," he said admiringly, when she had finished. "A fair mark—have you got any money?"

"Yes, a little," she said, and she handed him over her purse.

"Right O," said he. "Then we'll go down to 'Emmersmith and back on the 'bus."

DAVID BURT.

The Picturesque in Religion

A street in Oratava, Teneriffe, carpeted with real flowers for the Procession of the Host on Corpus Christi, June 9

Some of the designs prepared by the fervent Catholics of Oratava are particularly ambitious on one occasion Murillo's picture of the "Immaculate Conception" being worked out in flowers as a corner-piece. The faces, hands, and wings of the angels had been worked in the petals of the everlasting flower, the white robe was of Guelda rose blossoms dissected, and the blue sash of hydrangea, while the blue robe was a wonderful dark fuchsia

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

A LITERARY CAUSERIE BY "J. A. H."

Fiction of the Month

Well, it has not been of very much account, though a few authors of note have sent forth new books. I suppose "The Flute of Pan" (Unwin: 6*s.*), by "John Oliver Hobbes," would be accounted the most important, but it strikes me as a somewhat perplexing quantity; clever nearly always—if anything, too clever for ordinary mortals; loosely constructed, yet far from lacking the touch of an artist—for Mrs. Craigie is essentially an artist—but, on the whole, not quite satisfying Like the curate's egg, it is "excellent in parts," and for those parts it is well worth reading, though the curate's egg was scarcely worth eating for that reason!——Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter's new book, "The Country House Party (Hodder: 6*s.*), I read with much pleasure. It is a distinctly seasonable work; just the thing to take with one on a country holiday. For it is not a conventional novel, but an ingeniously arranged sequence of stories told by the guests at Dean Manor; stories grave and gay; admirably narrated, and with that pleasant literary flavour which one expects from so bookish a writer. Few of our women novelists have so good a grip of style.——Mr. Barry Pain, who surely has it in him to give us a really big book, contents himself with another ephemeral production, undeniably entertaining and sure to be popular with summer loungers, but not up to what we have a right to expect from him. So at least I think of the "Memoirs of Constantine Dix" (Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Pain has gifts too good to squander on detective yarns.——There are some good items in Mr. Booth Tarkington's new collection of short stories, "In the Arena," which Mr. John Murray has issued this month, but I doubt if English readers are greatly interested in American politics. They know them to be rotten, and are apt to let their knowledge remain at that The political novel is having a great vogue in America, and good may result from it; but I would rather have Mr. Tarkington in "Monsieur Beaucaire," meretricious though that was, than in the dusty arena of modern American politics. He is, I believe, ambitious of representing his native State of Indiana—like so many American writers, he is a "Hoosier"—and at one time he promulgated a fantastic scheme of State endowment for authors.—A most excellent novel of the month is "The Grand Duke" (Hutchinson: 6*s.*), by Mr. Careton Dawe, which I have read with even more satisfaction than any of the other works of fiction that have come my way, though I must mention that I am having some quiet enjoyment at present from "A Village Chronicle" (Digby Long: 6*s.*), by Mrs. Katharine Macquoid, whose important travel book I shall notice at some length further on.——"Life of My Heart," by the writer who calls herself "Victoria Cross," I have not read, and, in the immortal words of Disraeli, replying to authors who sent him their books, and with his meaning, "I shall lose no time in reading it." It is announced as "Twin Novel to 'Anna Lombard.'" Surely the word "twin" implies not merely likeness but coevality?

The Motor in Fiction

In the literary column of a London paper the other day, I read: "So far the motor has lacked a novelist, but one has arisen in America," etc. Where do some

Marriage in France

In France the religious bridal ceremony is preceded by a civil ceremony, which takes place before the mayor of the town on the previous day, the bride wearing her wedding robes

(Reproduced from "Home Life in France," by Miss Betham-Edwards, by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen)

journalists live — in blind asylums? The motor has by no means lacked its novelist any time these last three years. One need only mention Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson's two widely popular motor novels — if the phrase will pass — which they are to follow presently with a third, and Mr. Sydney Paternoster's very ingenious story, "The Motor Pirate," to show that we have not had to wait for an American to bring the motor into fiction; and "there are others." It is a writer named Mr. S. E. Kiser, author of "Charles the Chauffeur," who has "arisen in America." I have not seen his book, but I have read some of the stories in "The Motormaniacs," by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, the step-son and occasional collaborateur of R. L. Stevenson, and have found them most amusing. I do not think they have yet been published in book form, nor have I seen them announced.

The Macquoids in Italy

Works of travel have been fairly numerous this month, and include two from writers whose fame in this class of literature is long-standing. It was with the liveliest anticipation that I took up the very handsome volume in which Mr. Werner Laurie has dressed Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid's "Pictures in Umbria," and I was in nowise disappointed. How fresh and charming is Mrs. Macquoid's manner after all the books she has written, how vigorous and effective her husband's pen-drawings from so veteran a hand. Nothing could be happier than the way in which this delightful writer and this gifted artist have collaborated on many a book of travel, and I do not think they have ever given us a pleasanter volume than this, which I am placing on my shelves with their books on Normandy and Brittany. Their footsteps through these latter provinces of France I have followed pretty closely, but it has not been my good fortune to visit Perugia, Assisi, or any of the hill-cities of Umbria, which Mr. and Mrs. Macquoid have now depicted for us in so pleasant a fashion. Mrs. Macquoid has always, very wisely as it seems to me, flavoured her descriptions of towns and places with the romance of history, though avoiding all suspicion of the guide-book manner; and no better companion for a visit to this region of sunny Italy could be desired. Her story of the Baglioni and their quarrels in old Perugia is told with graphic power. It is also interesting to compare Mr. Macquoid's drawings with those from the same hand in "Through Brittany," and thus to see how deftly he has made the most of the old medium of wood-engraving and the new process of photo-etching.

Mrs. Edith Wharton

The celebrated American novelist, whose travel book, "Italian Backgrounds," has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan

Other Travel Books

A book of singular charm is Mrs. Edith Wharton's "Italian Backgrounds" (Macmillan: 10*s.* 6*d.*), most of which I have read serially in one of the American magazines. Mrs. Wharton, much of whose Continental travelling has been done in an automobile—different indeed from Mrs. Macquoid's way—is one of the most cultured American writers, and although her first book appeared sixteen years ago, it is only four years since she came into notice on both sides of the Atlantic with her beautiful little story, "A Gift from the Grave," for which, by the way, Mr. Murray, who published it, chose the title, and gave in a note his reasons for preferring it to the author's own choice. The latter, if my memory serves me, was "The Touchstone." I have only space to mention one other important travel book that has appeared this month—Miss Betham-Edwards's "Home Life in France" (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*) No one who takes, or wishes to take, an intelligent interest in our neighbours across the Channel should omit to add to his library this latest and most valuable of Miss Betham-Edwards's books on France In one or two minor but interesting particulars I cannot agree with her estimate of the French, but in the main, her judgment is as unquestionable as her writing is lively and attractive.

Mr. Edgar Wallace

One of the many indications of Kipling's greatness is the manner in which he has affected his contemporaries. Evidence of what we may call Meredithism and Stevensonism in the works of writers of the day is frequently to be met with; but not so frequently as traces of the Kipling influence. A writer who owes a great deal to Kipling is Mr. Edgar Wallace, the well-known war correspondent, whose little book of soldier stories, "Smithy," has been published by the Tallis Press this month. Mr. Wallace was, undoubtedly, inspired by the creator of "Mulvaney" and author of "Barrack-Room Ballads," but his own very remarkable aptitude for both prose and verse has carried him to the distinction he has so quickly gained. It is only a few years since

his verses in the Kipling manner were being widely quoted in the London papers from some of the Cape journals, wherein they first appeared as the work of a private soldier—genuine barrack-room ballads. A favourite of mine was "When London Calls":—

There's a voice that calls the waster, when the doors of home are shut.
(O, the voice of club and chamber, and the arc-light burning blue!)
There's a voice that calls the trooper in his daub and wattle hut.
(O, the midnight cabs that rattle from the Strand to Waterloo!)
There's a voice for ever calling from the Square and from the Slum,
From the Hornsey Rise to Brixton, from St. Saviour's to St. Paul's.
'Tis the never-changing message of the everlasting "Come"
To the brick and to the mortar.
London calls!

There is real stuff in many of his verses, which have since been collected under the title of "Writ in Barracks," and it is worth noting that, in these days when the poet is thought to be despised, it was Mr. Wallace's gift of facile verse that lifted him from the position of a private soldier, in 1899, writing chiefly to amuse his mates and to provide a comrade with recitations, to that of a famous war correspondent; and, three years later, to the editorship of the *Rand Daily Mail*, with a salary, 'tis said, of £2,500 a year. While it was the *Daily News* that first discovered his ability as a special correspondent, he has been chiefly identified in that capacity with the *Daily Mail*, in whose pages, I think, his rather flamboyant "Unofficial Despatches" first appeared. He is an Irishman, and although he is only thirty years old, he has contrived to crowd his life with much variety—printer's devil, newsboy, labourer, clerk, cabin-boy, assistant-purser, soldier, and journalist—that is, perhaps, the best sort of university for the versatile newspaper writer.

Mr. Edgar Wallace

The distinguished war correspondent, whose book of soldier stories, "Smithy," has just been published by the Tallis Press

Omar and the "Simple Life"

I wonder if Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is going in for the "simple life," for the same day as I noticed that he was selling-off his very valuable library and other home treasures, I read in an American temperance paper a new poem from his pen, with the unbelievable title, "Omar Khayyam Repentant." No one who admires old Omar readily pictures him on the stool of repentance, and I am surprised that Mr. Le Gallienne, who actually composed, some years ago, a new version of the "Rubaiyat," could have been persuaded otherwise. As one who prefers his book "beneath the bough," without the stimulus of a jug of wine, I may say that I have never conceived Omar as a sot fit to be thus addressed:—

Harken to one who hath the wine-press trod;
Night shall you cry to your forgotten God,
And wring your hands and weep hysteric tears,
Till the dawn smites you like a scarlet rod.

Day shall be made of danger, night of dread;
Faces and fears shall gibber round your bed,
And tears and sweat alike shall sourly stain
The fevered pillow of your furnace head.

At the next gathering of the Omar Club, Mr. Le Gallienne's new poem, with the temperance sentiment of which I sincerely sympathise, might be recited as a startling novelty! While I have failed to find in the vinous images of Omar's verses the subtle symbolism some critics have pretended to detect there, still I am far from thinking they are to be regarded as a gross plea for indulgence. But since Pastor Wagner, that Alsatian preacher who has secured so large a following in Paris, wrote his book, "The Simple Life," and the Americans took it to their bosom like a new food—isn't it amusing how they seem to stomach "Uneedaheapa Oats," or any new thing with an idiot name, across the Atlantic?—talk of a simpler form of domestic life has been in the air, and the most remarkable result in England has been the extraordinary interest awakened by the recent correspondence in the *Daily Graphic*, to which the Queen of Roumania, Miss Corelli, Madame Sarah Grand, "John Oliver Hobbes," the Bishop of London, Sir Conan Doyle, and some two-score of our most famous authors and social leaders, contributed. These very valuable letters have now been collected in book-form and issued in handsome style by Messrs. Partridge and Co., this month, at one shilling net. This little book is intensely interesting, and deserves to be widely circulated. The American publisher of "The Simple Life" told a friend of mine the other day that he had sold 300,000 copies of it. I fear Pastor Wagner's simplicity may bring him so much wealth that he will have need to read his own books every day, lest he be tempted to indulge in motor-cars and a luxurious hotel in the neighbourhood of the Bois!

The Library

The most interesting book to come our way this week has been Mr. A. C. Benson's *Edward Fitzgerald* (Macmillan: 2*s.*). In fact, this is one of the most delightful biographies to appear for many a long day, and that in a period when biography seems to have become a stand-by in the publishing business, so many series are there now being issued. The present volume appears in Messrs. Macmillan's English Men of Letters Series, which, in the old days, was edited by John Morley. The subject of Mr. Benson's book was one of the most lovable human personalities in the world of letters, and, although he lived a singularly quiet and secluded life, it was distinguished by a remarkable faculty for friendship. As a literary man, Fitzgerald's reputation rests upon his Omar Khayyam, though, had he never charmed us with the fascinating scepticism of the Persian tent-maker, he would still be famous for his letters, which are among the finest in our language. In writing of Fitzgerald's manner of life, of his friendships, and of his eccentricities, Mr. Benson has allowed the man to speak for himself through his letters, and the result is that some very charming extracts are included in this little volume, the following of which is too tempting to be passed over. Writing to his friend Allen, in 1838, of the way his days were spent at Boulge Park in country seclusion, he says: "Here I live with tolerable content; perhaps with as much as most people arrive at, and what, if one were properly grateful, one would, perhaps, call perfect happiness. Here is a glorious, sunshiny day: all the morning I read about Nero in 'Tacitus,' lying at full length on a bench in the garden: a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero, and the delicacy of Spring: all very human, however. Then, at half-past one, lunch on Cambridge cream-cheese: then a ride over hill and dale: then spudding up some weeds from the grass: and then coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chatting incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in Epicurean ease: but this happens to be a jolly day: one isn't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor 'Tacitus' full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it." It will be seen from this extract that Fitzgerald's temperament, with its tender vein of discursive egotism, admirably fitted him for this most entertaining form of literature. Mr. Benson's critical estimate of Fitzgerald's literary efforts is done in his usual scholarly manner, and contains some fine pieces of writing. With more space, we should like to quote him at length, but the following simile strikes one as being particularly happy: "Fitzgerald's position with regard to the poetry that was rising and swelling about him, is as that of a stranded boat on a lee-shore." How Fitzgerald himself would have liked that! This book can be recommend as a most delightful experience.

While on the subject of biography, Messrs. Longman have just published a new novel, *Glenanaar*, by Canon Sheehan, which contains reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish advocate and patriot. This story opens with the sudden appearance of an Irish-American in an Irish village. He seems very anxious to preserve his incognito, and refuses to reveal his name or identity. He suddenly becomes highly popular through his prowess at a Gaelic tournament, and then from his sick-bed reveals his identity and the story of his life to the local pastor. This leads back to the famous political trial of the prisoners indicted for attempt to murder in 1829, the trial known in history as the Doneraile Conspiracy Case. In this case Daniel O'Connell distinguished himself by obtaining the acquittal of twenty-one prisoners, who would certainly have been found guilty and executed but for his able advocacy. Why the Irish-American returned, and the dramatic episodes which lead up to the denouement of this fascinating novel we have not space to tell. Those who read Canon Sheehan's former novel, "Luke Delmege," will remember how well written is his work, and *Glenanaar* should be put down without fail this week in the list of books sent to the library.

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists. By James Huneker. Published to-day. (Werner, Laurie: 6*s.*)

Edward Fitzgerald. By A. C. Benson. (Macmillan: 2*s.*)

The Complete Golfer. By Harry Vardon. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Norway and the Union with Sweden. By Fridtjof Nansen. (Macmillan: 2*s.* net.)

HOLIDAY FICTION

Will Warburton. By George Gissing. (Constable: 6*s.*)

Glenanaar. By Canon Sheehan. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

The Weird Picture. By John R. Carling. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

Rose of Lone Farm. By Eleanor G. Hayden. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

A Doctor in Corduroy. By Max Baring. (Greening: 6*s.*)

Purple and White. By Henry Byatt. (Everett: 6*s.*)

FRENCH FICTION

Le Servage. By Edouard Ducoté. (London. Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*)

A Doctor in Corduroy, by Max Baring (Greening: 6*s.*), is a novel which by its ingenuousness disarms all criticism. You want to say that this book bores from beginning to end, and that its characters, for the main part, are commonplace or impossible. But you cannot; for it would not be the truth, though it would have a foundation in truth. Once having started the book you must go on, and that is sufficient recommendation for most novels nowadays. The principal character (the word "hero" now being obsolete) is that of Doctor John, the "Doctor in Corduroy," and a very fine fellow he is, too, being both well and skilfully drawn. Mr. Max Baring evidently possesses the observing eye, for there are many pleasant little touches throughout the book, descriptive of country life and character. Mr. Grainger strikes us as being too hardly drawn and crude a character to be convincing. But, with all faults, *A Doctor in Corduroy* is eminently readable, and its very simplicity comes as a relief.

Mr. J. Cuming Walters, whose little book on Dickens's last and unfinished story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, sends us an interesting correction with regard to our statement that Wilkie Collins was the author of the best known of former attempts to complete Dickens's work. "Wilkie Collins never wrote on the subject at all," says our correspondent, "and indignantly repudiated the suggestion that he had supplied a sequel. The error in your statement is easily accounted for. Wilkie Collins was the victim of an unscrupulous American, who issued a 'sequel' to 'Edwin Drood,' and unblushingly used Collins's name. But it was not a good book in any respect, and is practically forgotten." Mr. Walters also points out that only six numbers were issued, and not eight as stated in our issue of June 7. We are very grateful for these interesting corrections, and Dickensian readers will, no doubt, be glad to add them to their collections of Dickensiana.

G. F. J.

Sea Trout Fishing at the Rosses, Co. Donegal

Lough Annre, one of the most picturesque and prolific waters in the North of Ireland

A good many salmon also are taken from this lough from June onwards

A Favourite Spot: The Bridge Pool on the Crolly River

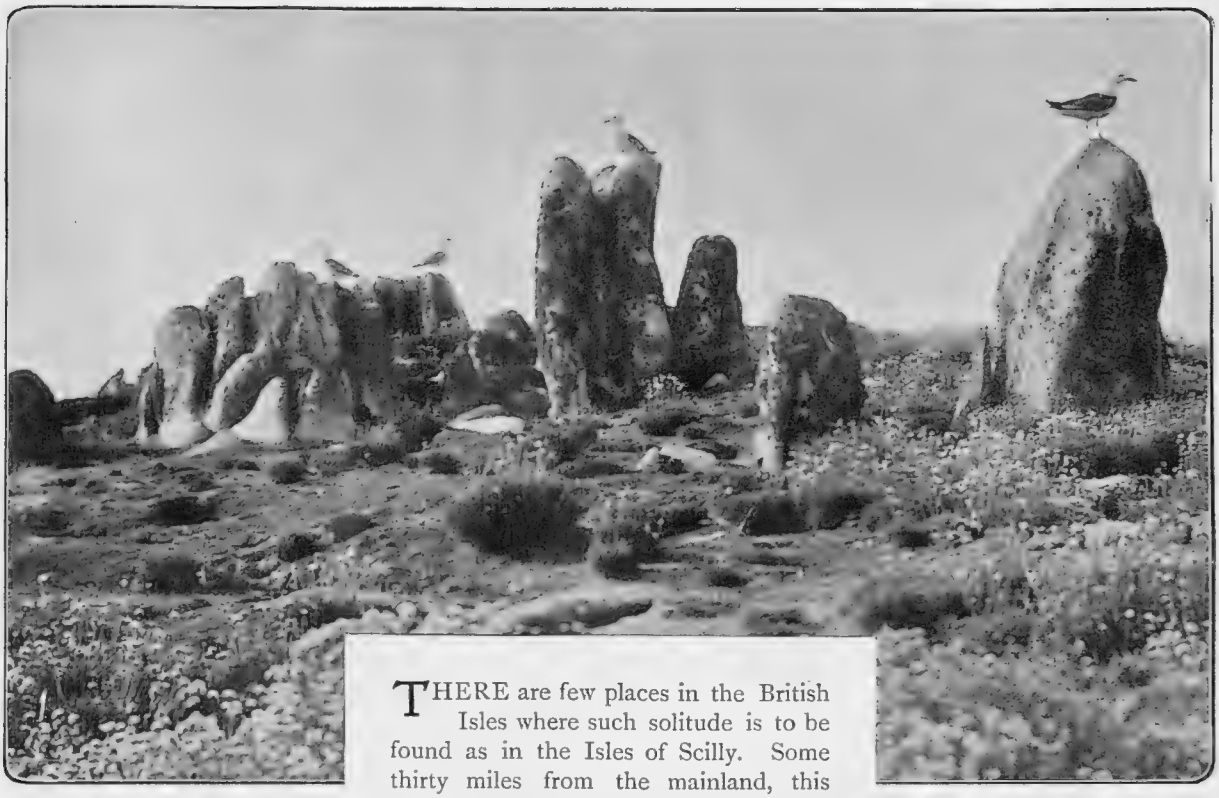
This is probably the best sea trout pool in the district, and it seldom fails to yield excellent sport through July and Augus:

Photos by] **The Factory Pool on the Crolly River** [*Edgar S. Shrubsole*

During July fine catches of sea trout are made at this spot. These waters are fortunate in having good hotel accommodation close by. Fishing tickets are 5s. per day, and July and August are the best months. Those preferring to fish Lough Annre will find competent boatmen there

The Scilly Isles

THE NATURALIST'S PARADISE AMONG HOLIDAY RESORTS



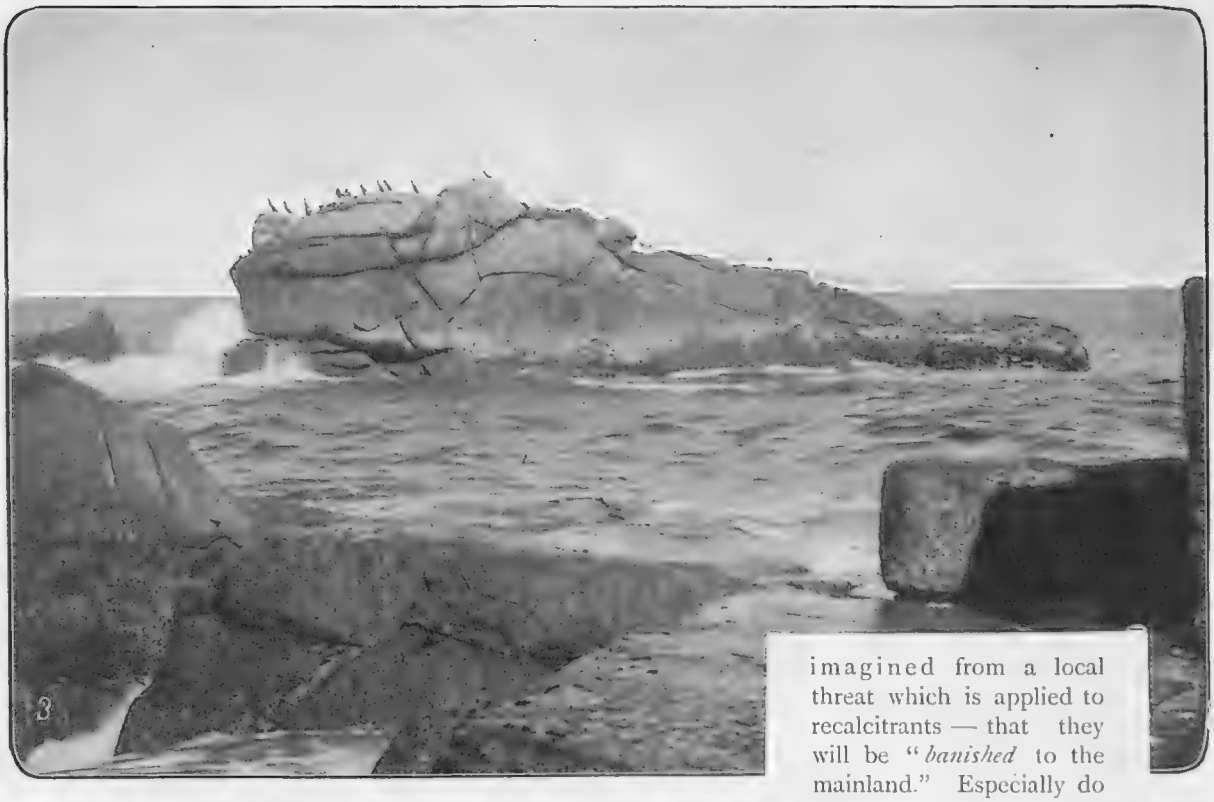
(1)
Four of the lesser black-backed Gulls. Note the sentinel on the high rock

THERE are few places in the British Isles where such solitude is to be found as in the Isles of Scilly. Some thirty miles from the mainland, this small archipelago, which consists of six large islands and thirty small ones, besides innumerable large rocks and ledges, forms an ideal retreat for the tired brainworker who wishes not only to recuperate within sight and sound of the sea, but also to escape the boredom inflicted at the average seaside resort. What the natives, themselves, think of their "country" may be

(2)
The Island of Annet and its carpet of sea-pinks, as it appears in June

Photos by *C. J. King, St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly*

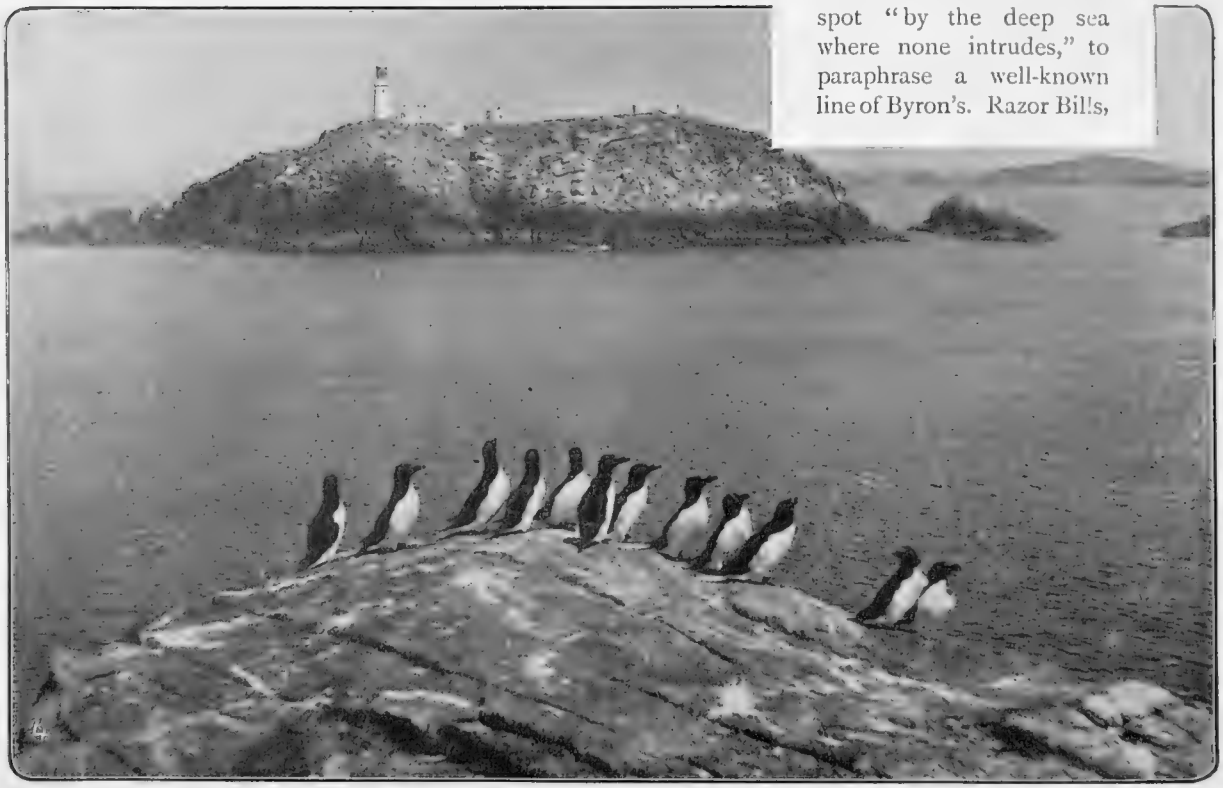
"A Score of Shags and a Gull or Two"



imagined from a local threat which is applied to recalcitrants — that they will be "*banished* to the mainland." Especially do these islands appeal to the naturalist, whether he be a lover of birds or flowers. As our photographs show, many sea birds, not to be met with on the more frequented parts of our coast-line, make a home here in this ideal spot "by the deep sea where none intrudes," to paraphrase a well-known line of Byron's. Razor Bills,

(3) This photograph of a group of Shags and Gulls on a huge rock was taken on the island of Melidgan

(4) A row of Razor Bills on Menavawr. Opposite is seen Round Island, with its lighthouse



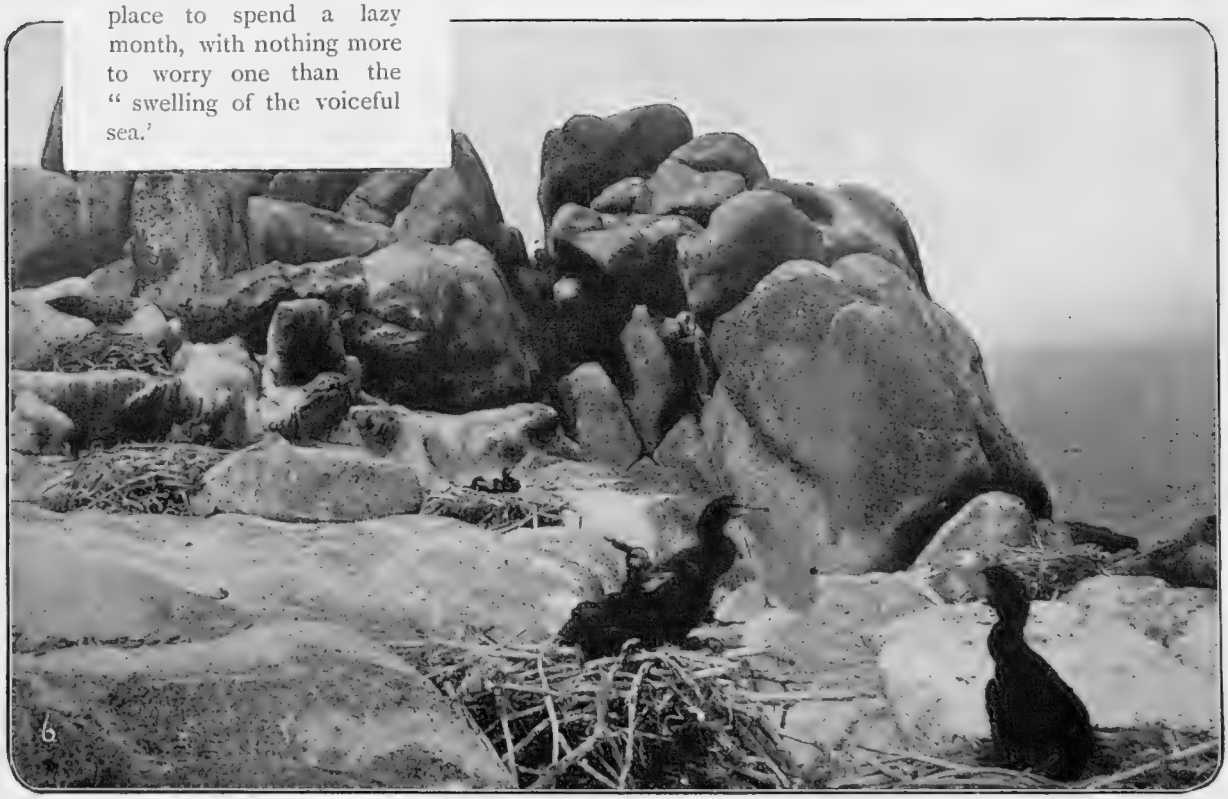
Photos by *C. J. King, St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly*

The Home of the Stormy Petrel

Shags, and Puffins, are to be seen preening themselves on every convenient ledge, while Guillemots, Cormorants, and more rarely the Stormy Petrel, find here the solitude they seek. The climate of the islands is equable and mild, while, as is usual on a coast famous for wrecks, the scenery is wild and grand. Altogether a place to spend a lazy month, with nothing more to worry one than the "swelling of the voiceful sea.'

(5) A Stormy Petrel in its nest. This is the only photograph ever taken of this bird, and tons of boulders had to be removed to obtain it

(6) The rocky, sea-girt home of the great Cormorant



Photos by *C. J. King, St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly*

Golf Notes and Notions

"The Complete Golfer" By Harry Vardon*

Of the writing of books on the noble art of golf, there seems no end; their name is legion, and the cry is, "Still they come." The latest, and, perhaps, the most notable, addition to the golfer's goodly store of volumes dealing with his game, is "The Complete Golfer," by Harry Vardon. Vardon's career as a golfer, ever since he won his first Championship at Muirfield in 1896, has been so extraordinary and so successful that any work on the game emanating from him would command instant and earnest attention from all golfers. It is rare to find in one individual the combination of first-class player and lucid exponent of the principles by which he has attained that position. A perusal of Vardon's book will at once convince any golfer that Vardon shares this distinction with his great rival and friend, J. H. Taylor. The book is admirably written from cover to cover, and contains practically all conceivable instruction on all matters connected with the game that the most insatiable golf student can desire. It has been edited with loving care by Mr. Henry Leach; it is beautifully illustrated with a numerous series of photographs showing Vardon's methods of executing every sort of shot, and also how faults are committed, and it is handsomely bound; in a word, it is a book which I can recommend the golfer to acquire and to study. Throughout the book, there breathes that spirit of good sportsmanship and comradeship which has endeared Harry Vardon to all ranks of golfers.

The Beginning of Vardon's Golf

I was much interested to read his account of the beginnings of his golf; how, in Jersey, he and his companions fashioned their primitive clubs by cutting branches from trees, and reducing these to semblance of shaft and head, the former being fixed through the centre of the latter. When I was in Jersey some twelve years ago, the traditions started by Vardon and his friends were in full force, for my caddy, and the caddies of other players, were to be seen playing about with rude shafts stuck through the heads of broken clubs discarded by their masters. Such clubs are now dignified by the name of "Simplex," or other high-sounding titles, and are described as wonderful inventions; but they are nothing more or less than the descendants in direct line of the early efforts at club-making of Vardon and his successors among the caddies on Jersey links.

The Stance for Driving

Turning to Vardon's description of his stance, it is curious to note how often a player imagines that he is standing in some particular way when, in reality, he is standing quite differently. On page 57, Vardon says of his stance for driving: "It will be noticed, in the first place that I have my toes turned well outwards. The pivoting which is necessary, and which will be described in due course, is done naturally, and without any effort, when the toes are pointed in this manner." Now, anyone who has watched Vardon taking up his stance for driving, cannot have failed to note that last grinding into the ground of his right foot, by means of which the toes of that foot are distinctly turned inwards towards the ball. The toes of the left foot, to be sure, are turned well out, but this inward position of the right foot is the feature differentiating Vardon's stance from that of most other professionals. That, at any rate, is the impression my eyes have conveyed to me whenever I have seen the great player performing. For the first time, we get a detailed account of Vardon's peculiar overlapping grip, which, either in his form or in variations of it, is now so much favoured by nearly all professionals and many leading amateurs. I have tried the grip in vain. Possibly, for its complete success, an exceptionally large hand with very strong fingers, such as Vardon possesses, is requisite.

Errata

On page 59 there occurs the sentence: "The left thumb lies straight down the shaft—this is to say, it is just to the left of the centre of the shaft." I would suggest, in future editions, that the word "right" should be substituted for "left" in the second part of this sentence. It is evident that some confusion has arisen here between the position as seen by the reader in the photograph, and in the actual grip when the student tries it for himself. The latter will find that in order to carry out Vardon's instructions the left thumb must lie down the right side of the shaft, and this is conclusively proved by plate II., showing the grip with the left hand. On page 110 occurs another small mistake, where plate XXVII. is mentioned when plate XXXIII. is meant. I am glad to see that Vardon explodes the theory of the loose grip of the right hand for driving, and that he puts in an eloquent plea for the good old-fashioned foursome as against the modern four-balled match. I am glad to notice that Vardon declaims against the too flat and too large greens which are a feature of so many courses nowadays, and pleads for a return to the smaller and more undulating greens which made approaching and putting so much more difficult and fascinating in the old days. It is curious to note Vardon's preference for Sandwich, among Championship courses, as a test of play. Here he is at variance with the best opinion of most of the leading amateurs, and at the moment of his book's appearance, the authorities at Sandwich are so dissatisfied with their course that anxious discussions are proceeding as to how best to alter it, and bring it up to the Championship standard. Space fails me for further consideration of a multitude of excellent things contained in the book, which I can, without hesitation, acclaim as one of the best books on golf which I have read.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

* "The Complete Golfer." By Harry Vardon. (Methuen and Co.: 10s. 6d.)

American Lawn-Tennis Champions

PLAYING THIS WEEK AT WIMBLEDON

Photos by **B. C. Wright** **Holcombe Ward** *Baker and Dixon* **W. A. Larned**

Holcombe Ward, Larned, Wright, and Clothier (whose portrait appears on the next page), make up the American team chosen to represent the United States in the Championships

Photo by] **Miss May Sutton, the eighteen-year-old American Champion** [*Miss Kendall*

It is not too much to say that America's juvenile Champion created a sensation by her brilliant victory over Miss Wilson in the Northern Championship. Miss Douglass being incapacitated from play by a sprained wrist, Miss Sutton looks like having things all her own way at Wimbledon

PROSPECTS OF

The Wimbledon Meeting

By H. S. SCRIVENER

American and Australasian Prospects

The American International Team—W. A. Larned, B. C. Wright, W. J. Clothier, and H. Ward—arrived in England at the beginning of last week, and lost no time in getting to work. The American four and the Australians, Brookes and Dunlop, played at Queen's last week. The Singles and Doubles together furnished an interesting trial run for the forthcoming International. America triumphed, for Wright and Ward came through their respective halves, beating respectively Brookes and Gore in the semi-final; both of these were close five-set matches, and either result might, on another occasion, be reversed. Ward had previously beaten Ritchie, and Brookes had beaten his own countryman, Dunlop, who, in his turn, had accounted for the other American, Clothier. It seems likely from these results that America will beat Australasia should they meet, which is what will happen bar accidents. But the match will not, by any means, be a procession for the Yankees, for Brookes has proved himself to be a real good one, and Dunlop is a fine Double player, though he appears to have been somewhat out of form last week. On the other hand, it is distinctly encouraging to English prospects that Gore, who may be regarded as a reserve man, can run warm to two sets all. Ward and Wright, by the way, did not play the final off, Ward taking a walk over. The other Singles' Champion of America, Miss Sutton to wit, was staying last week with Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard, at Thorpe Satchville, otherwise America might have scored a double victory in the Singles at Queen's.

J. F. Stokes

New Secretary of the Fitzwilliam Club, Wilton Place, Dublin

America Wins All Along the Line

Larned did not play in the Singles, but partnered Clothier in the Doubles. Here, again, America had it all her own way, for these two came through in one half, and their colleagues, Ward and Wright, did ditto in the other; a fine match in the final ending in favour of Larned and Clothier by 6—4, 7—5, 2—6, 6—4. Ritchie and Flavelle, the best English pair engaged, went down to the winners, whilst Ward and Wright accounted for Brookes and Dunlop, who did not make as good a fight of it as I should have expected. Wright and Ward, being the holders of the Doubles' Championship of the States, were, on the whole, more fancied to win outright than Clothier and Larned, but though they lost, there does not appear to have been much in it. When the time for the final choosing of the American team arrives, the matter of selection, with four such good men to pick from, will be, to say the least of it, a bit difficult. In the ladies' events, Miss Thomson showed some improvement upon her Northern form. She won the Singles, beating both Miss Morton and Mrs. Greville, and also the Mixed Doubles with Dunlop, beating Brookes and Miss Morton in the final after a close three-set match. I am told that she rather threw away her match against Miss Lane at the Northern, and that if she had won it she would most likely have managed to beat Miss Sutton in the final. On the other hand, other critics aver that, in the absence of Miss Douglass, Miss Sutton has a remarkably fine chance of winning at Wimbledon.

Photo by E. E. White

Coleman, the groundsman

A well-known figure at Wimbledon

The Irish Championships

The choice of last week for the date of the Irish Championships was certainly a good one from the weather point of view; but that is about all that can be said for it. Coming, as it did, immediately before Wimbledon, the meeting was not well timed to suit English players, nor was it altogether a convenient one for the Dublin folk; for, besides the visit of the Australian cricketers, there were several other counter-attractions, including a

regatta, during the week. The result was an almost exclusively Irish entry, Miss W. A. Longhurst and Miss A. G. Ransome being the only English competitors of note; a decidedly sparse attendance of onlookers; and a pronounced suggestion of "Ichabod" about the tone of the whole proceedings. Last year I was very favourably impressed with the form of some of the younger Irish players, but I am bound to say that they do not seem to have "come on" as much as I expected them to. They have got good style and good strokes, but they need practice against better players, and a few good hidings now and again to steady them. J. C. Parke, the Irish International three-quarter, repeated his last year's victory, but I think he was rather lucky to do so, though he is undoubtedly a fine natural player, and a splendid athlete, and I am inclined to prefer some of the older men. The reverend gentleman who played under the name of "Newcombe" would have been the man to back if he had been in full practice, and the neatest and most effective player of the lot was A. H. Porter, who has re-entered the lists after an absence of something like ten years. Porter, however, is handicapped by a weak heart, and the wonder is that he bears the strain of a hard match as well as he does.

W. J. Clothier
One of the American representatives

The umpire's prize, presented by THE BYSTANDER, was won by M. W. Robertson, who is one of those rare individuals who actually like umpiring. Besides being fond of lawn tennis he is a good golfer, with a handicap of five or thereabouts, and a useful back at Association football.

The Elements of a Good Understanding

"Walking on air" is a phrase which has hitherto been used metaphorically (mainly by sensational novelists) to express a state of the mind; but an ingenious inventor has recently endeavoured to bring it within the bounds of practical pedestrianism. His device consists of a boot or shoe fitted with three projecting studs or discs on the sole, and one on the heel, of hollow india-rubber so as to leave a chamber of air between them and the actual sole, much after the fashion of the "cushion" type of bicycle tyre. It is, of course, in the main, a non-slipping device, but the incidental advantage of entire absence of jar to the spine is also claimed for it, while the fact that the studs "give" under pressure is said to endow it with as long a life as that of an ordinary solid sole. At Leicester, it was noticed that several competitors, including Hillyard, Eaves, and Miss Eastlake Smith, were experimenting with it.

Photos by Norman Brookes

Baker and Dixon A. W. Dunlop

THE TWO AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVES

BRIDGE: Our Quarterly Competition

Prizewinners and Solutions of Twelfth Weekly Competition

THE WINNERS IN OUR £10 10s. QUARTERLY COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK

SOLUTIONS AND PRIZEWINNERS

TWELFTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XXXIV.-XXXVI.

The FIRST PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

Morgan M. Thomas, Esq., 5, Colston Parade, Redcliffe, Bristol.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, are awarded to:

The Rev. Joseph Jacob, Whitewell Rectory, Whitchurch.
Colonel Browne, Swanley Junction, Kent.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by Competitors for solving Problems XXXIV., XXXV., XXXVI., in our Quarterly Competition:—

15, Blue, Bulbs, Gamndin, Ina II., Miles, Wantacas; 14, Harrier, Heathfield, Peter, Puffin Boy, Spolnud, Student, Willimoteswick; 13, Chorillos, Kapikowrie, Pelaw, Purley, Trixie; 12, Ariadne, Oltonia, Pul, Royal, Turquoise; 11, Kirkland I., Mucross; 10, Albeg, Alleyn, Ap Twm, Cave Canem, Dogger, Eblow, Fantôme, Gladstone, Horatio, Kidbrook, Lance Fieldoak, Mendip Lodge, P.M.S., Raniput, Verne, Whatley; 9, Despair, Edgbaston, Joker, Lilian, Lucia, Mugwump, Not 'Arf, Pons, Primrose, Queensborough, Quib, Ray, Special Scotch, White Cat, York; 8, Alexander, Arrah Begorrah, Badger, Chalet, Darkie, Fen, Garches, Grosvenor, Hockey, Ina I., Kirkland II., Noxious, Overbury, Sackbut, Swansfield, Tylhus; 7, Blockhead, C.A.M., Captain Cuttle, Kingsnorth, Puck, Strategy, Watadam, Waverley; 6, A.E.C.F., Awapuni, Bijou, Bis dat qui cito dat, Chippie, Dunmarklyn, Mammon; 5, Cumtux, Luppy, Pellon, Viking; 4, Chlorodyne, Soberton; 3, Chute, Lexham, Trudder.

We have allotted the following *noms de guerre*:—H. I. N. L., "Ariadne"; H. C. H., "Chute"; F. B. N., "Heathfield"; A. F. L., "Garches"; L. M., "Harrier"; E. R. M., "Lexham"; H. C. J., "Chalet."

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XXXIV., XXXV., XXXVI.

PROBLEM XXXIV.—Leave it. It is little use making a defensive spade declaration on such a hand at the score, for it will most probably be doubled. If your partner gives you a red call, you have some help for him; if he gives you no-trumps, your two four suits render it improbable that your adversaries have great length in them.

PROBLEM XXXV.—Diamonds. It is too good a hand to leave on the chance of getting something better from your partner, for it contains probably five tricks. Your partner need give you but little to make the odd trick; and if he has a hand to make a better call on, you should do very well.

PROBLEM XXXVI.—In luck, declare no-trumps; out of luck, leave it to your partner. It is indeed an ace, queen, above an average hand, but it is only protected in two suits.

Discussion of the play of the hands in the Quarterly Competition has been unavoidably postponed until next week. "PROBLEMATICUS."

The Menu: Hints for Cold Supper Dishes

Veal Galantine
Tongue Cream
Sardine Eggs
Pigeon Pie
Mayonnaise of Salmon

VEAL GALANTINE

Butter a plain round or oval mould, and line the bottom and sides with slices of hard-boiled egg, then nearly fill it with pieces of cold veal, ham, and either minced parsley or forcemeat balls; season. Have about half a pint of stock ready, to which a few leaves of the sheet gelantine has been added, fill up the mould with this, put a buttered paper over, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. When quite cold and set, turn it out and serve, garnished with a border of cress or any small salad.

TONGUE CREAM

Remove all skin and gristle from the remains of a tongue, pass it through the mincing-machine, and then pound it well with about 2 oz. of butter to make a nice consistency—season with chopped parsley, pepper, a pinch of mace and cayenne, press into a mould, and when quite firm, turn out.

SARDINE EGGS

Boil four eggs for ten minutes and put them into cold water, scrape four sardines and pound them well in a mortar. Shell the eggs, and cut them in half lengthways, take out the yolks and add them to the sardines in the mortar with 1 oz. of butter, a little white pepper and salt, and a dessertspoonful of parsley. Pound altogether; then fill the whites and put the two halves together, and serve in a nest of small salad dressed with oil and vinegar.

PIGEON PIE

Thoroughly cleanse and prepare two or three pigeons, cut each in two, cut some tender rump steak into rather small pieces, lightly fry them and the pigeons in butter; place the steak in a pie-dish, season with chopped shallot, parsley, pepper, and salt; place the pigeons on the beef, and season in the same way; rinse out the frying-pan with stock or hot water, strain it into the pie, add some hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, cover with a very light paste, bake in a quick oven till the paste is well set, then bake slowly for an hour and a half to two hours.

MAYONNAISE OF SALMON

Remove all bones and skin from a piece of cooked salmon, and arrange it neatly in a silver dish. Make a mayonnaise sauce (the recipe of which was given in last week's number), and have some lettuce, cress, cucumber, and hard-boiled egg ready. Shortly before the salmon is required, pour the mayonnaise sauce over. Surround with shred lettuce, sliced cucumber, and cress, and garnish at intervals with slices of tomato and hard-boiled egg. Do not let the fish and salad lie for any length of time in the sauce, or they will become sodden. The dish only takes a few minutes to put together, if all the ingredients are to hand.

LEMON DRINK

One gallon of boiling water poured on to 4 lb. of loaf sugar, add 2 oz. of citric acid, let it stand till cold and then add two drachms of essence of lemon and one drachm of spirits of wine. Stir it well and bottle it. About two tablespoonfuls to a tumbler of cold water. This makes a very refreshing drink in the hot weather. EMILIA.

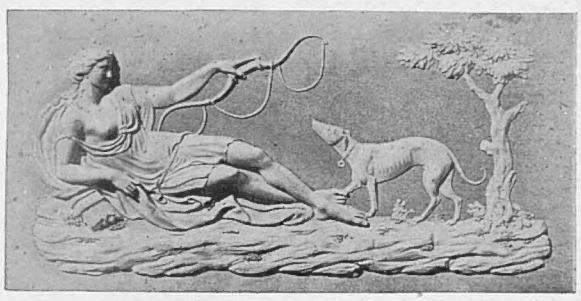
The Connoisseur

AN OLD ENGLISH POTTER

Among the earlier collectors of eighteenth-century examples of applied arts, the inclination was to ascribe pieces, whether of furniture, chinaware, or plate, to just a few well-known names. Thus, every kind of chair or table was, for a time, Chippendale or Sheraton; Derby and Worcester were almost the only chinawares mentioned, and Wedgwood was made to cover the vast quantities of fine stoneware that came from the works of, say, Spode, Turner, and the various factories of the well-known family of Adams. As the interest in eighteenth-century ceramics increased, these various makers' characteristics have been brought to light with admirable results. In Mr. Wm. Turner's volume, entitled "William Adams" (Chapman and Hall), the history of a family of great importance to their particular art and craft is excellently told, and much valuable information and new light thrown upon the enormous variety of articles impressed with the Adams' marks. These pieces, from the most elaborate jasper vases—such as the Adam Brothers, the well-known architects of the Adelphi, designed—to the simplest utilitarian pieces, are now collected with no little avidity, especially in America, for it was there that the earlier members of the house greatly extended their trade. The

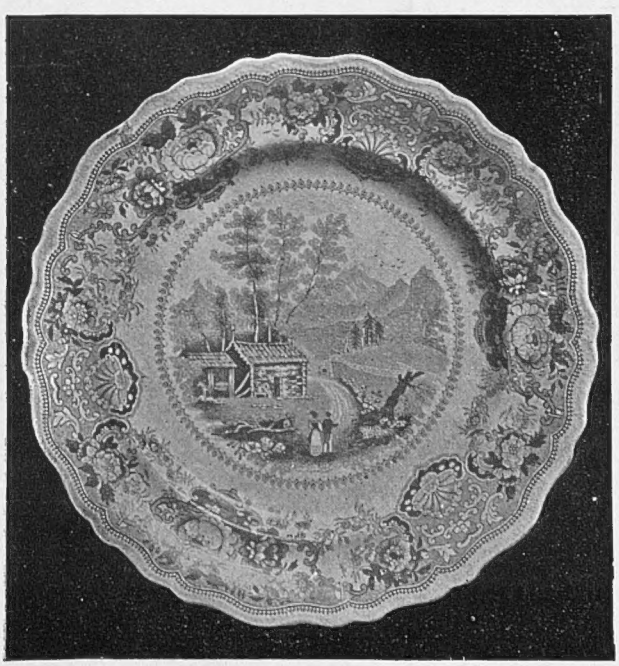
View of New York, showing a sailor's return. Part of a service made by William Adams, about 1820, for the American market

plaque of "Diana Resting after the Chase," of which we give an illustration, represents the class of ware in blue and white jasper, and, no doubt, in the manner of that produced by Wedgwood, for which the Adams' works were so long famous. But while they were largely engaged in producing this style of classic ornament for mantles and furniture, and also in making decorative medallions, such as the well-known ones of Nelson and Shakespeare, and elaborate cameos for setting in silver-gilt as jewels, they were also the manufacturers of a particularly interesting class of dark-blue printed services, the designs of which have now become of historical value. These services include designs showing many of the most remarkable seats in Great Britain, such as Blenheim, Floors, and so forth, and views of many places in the country which have now been greatly altered or swept away. The illustrations which we give, from Mr. Turner's entertaining and valuable book, show designs particularly intended to charm the American market, the view of New York being remarkably *näif* and effective for its purpose. Both the jasper ware and these interesting printed services are but a small part of the early ceramic output from the factories of the Adams' family. All collectors of English wares know something of these examples, but no one who has not enjoyed Mr. Turner's book on the subject can be in possession of the fullest and most valuable information in regard to it. This work takes its place in the library of the practical collector, side by side with the author's "Swansea and Nantgarw," and the works of Burton, Church, and Solon.



Diana resting after the chase

Plaque in blue and white jasper, in the manner of those produced by Wedgwood



View near Conway, N.H., U.S.A., made by Adams, about 1820, for the American market

E. M.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Some Hints for Henley

The frocks that are going to make the best river successes this year, are those of dyed Shantung silk. For this river event they should be made very simply, the skirt laid in shallow flat folds at the waist, and merely turned up with a deep stitched hem at the foot; while a pretty corsage carries a box-pleat either side front and back, and is thrown back at the throat with a fine ivory lace collar, to show a clear lace guimpe. A model, arranged after this manner, I thought quite charming in rose colour, the lace collar taking a square shape, finishing with a knotted cravat of the silk, a belt of the silk defining the waist, passed through a large oval-shaped gold buckle at the back, and a smaller replica in front.

A Success of the Year

There is an especially good pale tapestry blue in this Shantung, that would work up into a delightful *tout ensemble* with a darker blue hat, tulle ruffle, and *en tout cas*. The exclusively blue attire, you may have remarked, is one of the successes of the year; but it requires to be perfectly carried out, and also absolutely happy with the colouring of the wearer. The feeling, however, is unmistakably growing for an undisturbed harmony from head to foot, effected in delicate gradations of tone.

Costumes for Fair Punters

Then with the practical punter, the much-appraised linen dress is likely to find a serious rival in the rough white flannel cloths, hopsacks, and serges. These again, arranged very simply, with the new gored skirt, full at the foot, and neat banded bodice, with the inevitable, and, in this instance, welcome, elbow sleeves, concluding in a quantity of little *plissé* lawn frills. As to the extravagant painted muslins and chiffons, which reserve their trailing elegance for the lawns, Ascot has already said the last word on their possibilities. And many of the Ascot gowns, it may be whispered in secret, have already made their début at the Windsor garden-party. Though few will cavil at the second appearance of those emanating from the house of Paquin.

Costumes at the Windsor Garden Party

Gaze appears to have been the favoured fabric at the Paquin establishment, frequently spotted, as in the case of the lovely lilac confection worn by Countess de Metternich. Mrs. Lobnitz, also, was clad in an exquisite Sèvres blue-spotted gaze, mounted over white, trimmed white lace and touches of blue taffeta, and completed by an Imperatrice *chapeau* of white Yedda, garlanded with Sèvres blue ribbon, drooping feather, and blue Reine marguerites. Immensely original and strikingly good was the pale blue and green *foulard* arranged for Lady Turner, the prettily draped bodice ornamented with frills of cambric and Valenciennes lace, forming epaulettes, the smart *ecru* Tagal hat bearing a garniture of yellow and green roses, together with a feather shot with yellow.

And here is a delicious story about H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Mr. John Burns. When the Prince, with his two eldest boys, graciously acknowledged the presence of the great Labour M.P., the latter, with homely brevity, remarked: "Oh, these are the boys, are they? Well! bring them along with you when you come to open the L.C.C. service on Saturday; I'll undertake to look after them."

Emancipated Woman and Her Doings

What would our great-grandmothers have thought, I wonder, of the modern woman's club; but then, poor dears, they would find so many things nowadays at which to raise disapproving hands and eyes, that one more or less could hardly count, though this one of Ladies' Clubs would, surely, fill them with amazement. In their dear, old, dull times, a day's visit to London was unheard of, and a week or so spent in the Metropolis, without the protection of husband or father, an undreamt of piece of dissipation. Whereas emancipated woman, not only elects to take her week or month of sight-seeing or shopping alone, but even contrives to exist happily all the year round entirely "on her own" in "wicked" London.

A New Club for Ladies

Now, never before has she been so well catered for, as in an entirely new venture, the London County Club, whose noble premises are situated at 81 and 82, Holland Park, a position, as all are aware, that enjoys the greatest advantage in the matter of trains and omnibuses, so that it is easily get-at-able from every quarter.

From its pretty, comfortable white and green drawing-room to the topmost bedroom, it is decorated and furnished with supreme taste, comfort and art going hand in hand, in a manner only latter-day knowledge could devise. There are delightfully pleasant reading and writing-rooms, while many of the bedrooms are positively luxurious, both in size and fittings, prices varying according to the dimensions. The bedrooms can be taken by the night, week, or year, as necessity dictates, and a fixed sum paid for board or meals taken *à la carte*, in accordance with the day's menu.

A Boon for Colonials

That this new Ladies' Club is likely to prove an immense advantage to women living in the country or Colonies, there can be no shadow of doubt, and any desirous of becoming members, should communicate without delay to the secretary, who will be pleased to send candidature forms and list of rules. That the prices throughout are exceedingly moderate, taking into consideration the wonderful advantages offered,

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Send for a sample case. It will tell the whole tale in two minutes.

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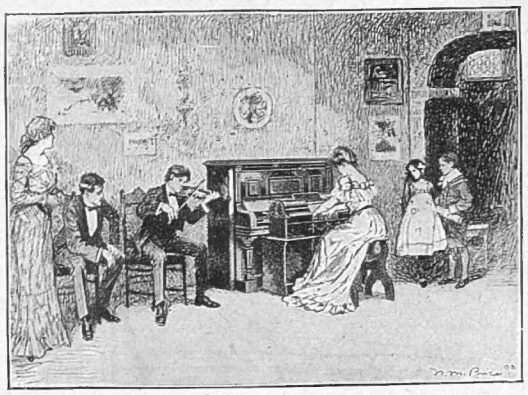

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WITHOUT practice or musical knowledge of any kind anyone can play compositions with the Metrostyle Pianola in the way they have been rendered by the most famous musicians of the day. It is not merely that the technique is faultless, but that the musician's actual interpretation is reproduced, and that all the changes of tempo, dynamic effects, contrasts of light and shade are faithfully rendered. This is impossible with any other piano-player, for the simple reason that the Pianola is the only one possessing the Metrostyle, for use with which Paderewski, Moszkowski, Strauss, Grieg, Chaminade, Bauer, Thomé, Humperdinck, and many others, have specially provided interpretations on Pianola music-rolls showing how they have played them. No amount of word juggling can alter the fact that of all piano-players the Pianola alone provides authoritative renderings. It is therefore essential that anyone desiring to secure a piano-player with which it is possible to achieve really artistic results, should make certain to obtain a Pianola.

It is also necessary to note that the name Pianola is applicable only to the instrument manufactured by the Orchestrelle Company.

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135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

An elaborate toilette

(*Sketched at Ascot by K. Pleydel Young*)

is likely to prove a further inducement, should such be needed, to speedily become a member of this really delightful London County Club, a too long deliberation more than likely proving the adage that "she who hesitates is lost," as already the list of membership is being rapidly filled up.